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THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

VOL. IX. MARCH, 1899 No. 1

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

In the January number of THE BOOKMAN, we published a quatrain on Edgar Allan Poe, and carelessly ascribed it to Mr. Austin Dobson. In our February number we corrected this statement, and explained that Mr. Andrew Lang was the writer of the lines. Since that time we have seen in various publications an implied denial of Mr. Lang's connection with the quatrain. For the further information, therefore, of our readers, we shall mention the fact that the quatrain was written by Mr. Lang in a volume of Poe's poems at the request of Mr. Brander Matthews, and that the volume with the lines in question is now in this city.

The following letter received by us from one of our subscribers is particularly gratifying at this time, when we take up the first number of a new volume, the ninth in the history of THE BOOKMAN. There are many others to whom we are indebted for such encouraging letters, and in choosing this one for publication we do so because it contains what may seem to be a practical suggestion to other readers:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

If one had the means to bind all the magazines and periodical publications one receives nowadays, he would be embarrassed to find room to shelve them, and certainly life is too short to ever again attempt to go through the accumulation of even four or five years. Still there is much of permanent value in all these publications, and one dislikes to throw them aside. There is so much worth preserving in THE BOOKMAN that I have just gone through the first seven volumes and taken out all the pages containing your Chronicle and Comment, which, of course, includes all of the Portraits and Illustrations and delightful gossip about Books and Authors, and such other personal articles as I desired to preserve, and have had them bound in a single compact volume, thus condensing the seven volumes, published during the past four years, into one. I do not pretend to say that this is the measure of the value of all that you have published in those seven volumes, but it is the cream of it all—in my estimation, at least—and all that I can afford space for, or time to review.

In leisure moments, I have made my own index—simply of Authors and Books—and when any particular writer or volume is under consideration, I have only to turn to my index and find all the illumination that your brilliancy and erudition have provided on these subjects. I could not fix a commercial value on this collection. To me, it is simply invaluable. Very truly yours,

SAMUEL H. PYE.

St. Louis, January 18th, 1899.

The *Educational Review*, which has always had a certain leaning toward Fonetik Refawrm, has enlarged its collection of cacographical curiosities by adopting and using a particular brand of spelling for a list of ten words picked out by the National Education Association and approved by that body. All this goes to support a thesis which we have always consistently maintained, to the effect that "education" is a thing entirely apart from cultivation, and that persons may be "educated" and still remain the veriest strangers to all the essentials of taste and true refinement. If we might offer a suggestion, it would be to the effect that, hereafter, the editor of the *Educational Review*, in order to be entirely in harmony with the spirit of his cacographical publication, should take to wearing celluloid collars and eating peas with a knife.

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The article on "A Literary Curiosity from Charles Lamb's Library," by Mr. Luther S. Livingston, published in our January number, has been kindly acknowledged by Canon Ainger, the well-known Lamb authority and editor of the *Letters*. A correspondent, who is also a Lamb enthusiast, sent Canon Ainger a copy of THE BOOKMAN, containing this interesting paper, and received a letter from him in which he says:

> Accept my best thanks for your kind note and for the copy of THE BOOKMAN, which followed it a few days later. I am greatly delighted that John Lamb's Anti-Vivisection Society's pamphlet should have at last come to light, and I congratulate Mr. Livingston on his discovery. I have been in pursuit of it for years. It will make a very interesting additional note to my edition of Lamb's *Letters* if ever I should revise the work.

Rudyard Kipling has been in New York during the past month. He still sustains his reputation for reticence regarding his plans and projects. We believe that *The Day's Work* is selling more rapidly than ever. "The Man Who Is" has the honour of appearing first in a series of literary sculptures (see page 56) which begins in this issue.

Janice Meredith, a story of the Revolution, which we announced a short time ago as fresh from the pen of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, is to run serially in the pages of THE BOOKMAN throughout the year. The opening chapters are published in this number. Mr. Ford's story has received high praise from several eminent critics, who were privileged to read it in manuscript.

A correspondent recently remarked in the pages of *Literature*, that according to the City Directory, New York contains twenty-one Byrons, all engaged in pursuits other than poetry—though one of them is a "Gilder"! The following curious entry evidently escaped this frivolous person's notice: "Hovey, Rich poet"!

Count Tolstoy's determination to write no more fiction has been overcome by his desire to assist the Doukhobors in their exodus from their grievous oppression in Russia to the prairies of Canada. Five years ago the great Russian novelist wrote the synopsis of a novel which he then laid aside, but has since taken up and completed. This novel will be published simultaneously in Russia, Germany, France, Austria, Denmark, Great Britain and America, and the proceeds will be devoted to settling the Doukhobors in their Canadian homes. Mr. Herbert P. Archer, who is in charge of the second contingent of the Doukhobors, now being settled in their Western home, has been in charge of these negotiations. Mr. Archer comes with authority, having visited Tolstoy and received instructions and arranged details before setting out on his Western mission. *Resurrection*, as the new novel is to be called, will appear serially in this country in the pages of the *Cosmopolitan*, and will afterwards be published in book form before the end of the year by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Tolstoy views it as the most important work of fiction he has ever written.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's forthcoming *Reminiscences* is considered quite an important literary event. Since we made the announcement some months ago the news has become widespread, and has been received with keen interest. We find that Mr. McCarthy will have a good deal to say about America. He has made three extensive visits to this country in the course of a long and active career, and on each occasion he widened his acquaintance with many of our notable men. He knew Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Bryant, Lowell, and others now passed away, and he numbers among his friends many who still remain with us. In one of his visits he was entertained by Brigham Young in Salt Lake City—before the railroad had reached the Mormon capital. Mr. McCarthy may not be an ideal historian, although he is a popular one; but he certainly ought to be an ideal autobiographer.

Songs from the Ghetto, by Mr. Morris Rosenfeld, which is reviewed on another page, has already awakened a good deal of kindly interest in the author, among those who have visited him and shown great admiration for his remarkable

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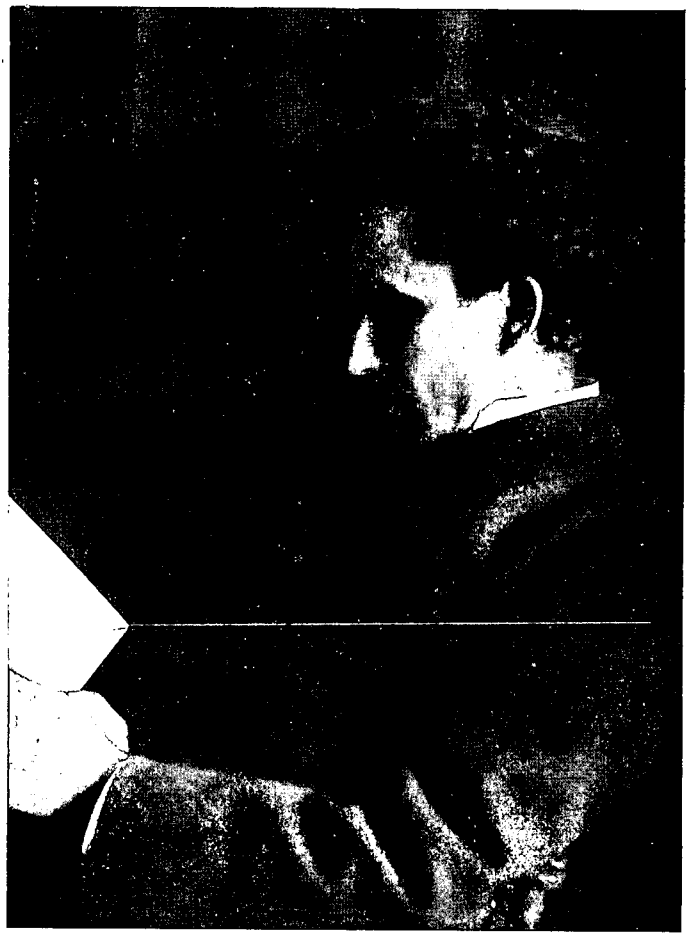
work being the two writers of the Ghetto, Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Abraham Cahan. Mr. Rosenfeld may be said to have learned in suffering what he has writ in song. He was born in 1862 in Russian Poland and passed most of his younger days in the company of his father, who was a fisherman. He received some instruction in Jewish lore and picked up some German and Polish, then ran off to Holland, thence to London and finally reached New York, where he became a tailor, working in the sweatshops. He was obliged to abandon this work on account of failing health and took to the profession of a Yiddish penny-a-liner, which only aggravated his misery. Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard University has made an English prose translation, together with the original Yiddish (in German transcription) of Mr. Rosenfeld's songs.



MORRIS ROSENFELD.

Professor Wiener declares that it has been left to the New York Ghetto to set the crown on this humble literature of Yiddish poetry. The tailor poet sings with remarkable sweetness and perfect technique, and his songs are deserving of serious notice. The portrait of him which appears here is taken from a photograph made by Mr. F. H. Day, of Messrs. Copeland and Day, who are the publishers of *Songs from the Ghetto*.

A subscriber asks for an explanation of the inscription which forms part of the cover design of Mr. Zangwill's *Dreamers of the Ghetto*. We referred the inquiry to Mr. Zangwill, who replies as follows: "I have not a *Dreamers of the Ghetto* by me, and cannot remember the symbolism of the cover, but it is so significant that I have given instructions for its removal in the next edition. There is, I think, the Hebrew word for Zion; also a pair of heavy wings, probably used with reference to the verse, 'I will bear thee on eagles' wings.' I am only responsible for what is between the covers."

A servant who recently had to announce Mr. Zangwill and some friends evidently found some difficulty in pronouncing the distinguished author's name, so he delivered himself in this wise: "Mr. and Mrs. G——— and the *bookman*"!

Mr. Zangwill has been frequently urged of late to deliver another lecture in New York, but he says that he is too

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AN INTERESTING GROUP OF CELEBRITIES IN THE EARLY SIXTIES.

busy even to think of it. He will leave this country for England early in the spring, and will return in September to superintend the rehearsals of his dramatised version of *The Children of the Ghetto*.

Dr. William Barry, whose new romance, *The Two Standards*, has just been published by the Century Company, was the author of the recent article in the *Quarterly Review*, which dealt so vigorously with the writings of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. Dr. Barry is keenly interested in social problems, and can bring a very trenchant rhetoric to the treatment of them. He is also that rare thing in a good writer—a still better talker. Dr. Barry is the priest of the Roman Catholic Mission of Dorchester, England, and he is said to have something of the air of a French abbé of the old times. He has a thorough acquaintance with the literature of France and of Germany.

We have had occasion already to call attention to the collection of Dickensiana in the library of Mr. E. S. Williamson, private secretary to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto. Two items of unusual interest have recently been added by Mr. Williamson to his collection. One is an enlarged photogravure from a negative of a literary and dramatic group in Albert Smith's garden, London, taken some thirty-five years ago, which was unearthed in 1893, by Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis, booksellers, High Holborn. There are twenty-four portraits in the group. Charles Dickens may be seen reclining in the immediate foreground, and surrounding him are Charles Dickens, junior, Albert Smith, G. C. Stanfield, Shirley Brooks, Marcus Stone, Wilkie Collins, Mark Lemon, and the Misses Hogarth and Dickens—all apparently excellent portraits. The other item is of even greater interest, namely, two volumes from the library of Charles Dickens at Gadshill, with his book-plate and label. The work is the *Life of Sir John Eliot*, by John Forster, the life-long friend and well-known biographer of Dickens. Through Mr. Williamson's courtesy we have reproduced Dickens's book-plate from this work taken from his library shelves, which may, therefore, be regarded as

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genuine, and is the more interesting because of several spurious book-plates which have been given out lately as belonging to Dickens.

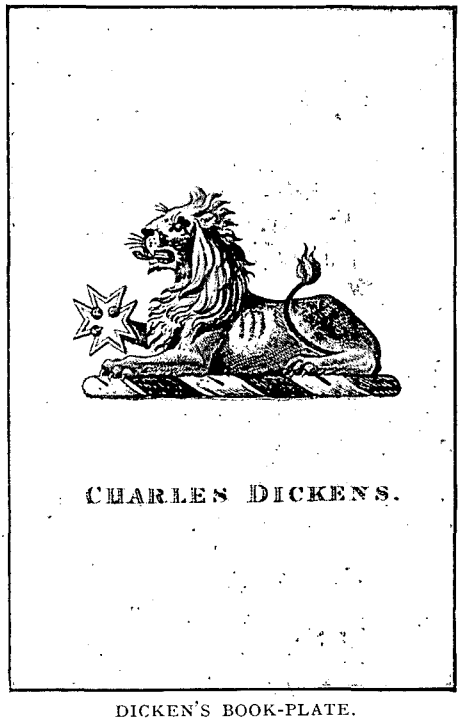
Mr. Charles Battell Loomis will publish his first book through Mr. R. H. Russell, about Easter, with the very modest title, *Just Rhymes*. Mr. Russell, it may have been observed, has been going in more for publications in *belles lettres* lately. Copies of his dainty illustrated edition of *Trelawny of the Wells* were used as souvenirs at the one hundredth performance of Mr. Pinero's play of that name at the Lyceum Theatre on the fifteenth of February.

Ian Maclaren has arrived and will deliver one lecture with readings in this city before starting for the Pacific slope. On the evening of March 3d, Dr. Watson is announced by Major Pond—into whose care the famous Scot has consigned himself again—to speak on "Clerical Life in Scotland," at the Waldorf-Astoria. Dr. Watson is accompanied by Mrs. Watson.

Another distinguished visitor, M. Edouard Rod, will have reached these shores by the time this is in the hands of our readers. A critical estimate of M. Rod's work from the pen of Mr. Frederic Taber Cooper will appear in our next number.

A correspondent writes, with reference to our comment on Mr. Gilbert Parker last month, that Mr. Parker at the time of his matriculation in Trinity University, Toronto, not only had the idea of taking holy orders in the Church of England, but that he had already been ordained a deacon. Our correspondent offers this information from knowledge, as he happened to be an undergraduate of Trinity at the time.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's work in literature had been altogether in the short story before the appearance of *Red Rock*, which is reviewed in this number. There are those who hold, even after reading the novel, that Mr. Page's literary achievement is still supremely felt in the short story; and even were this true it need not affect the author seriously, for has he not given us one of the most exquisite stories [illegible] a story which will [illegible] a high place in American literature? It is nearly twenty years since "Marse Chan" was written. No one who has once heard the old negro servant's words, "Marse Chan, he done got he furlough," can ever get them out of his memory. The story which suggested "Marse Chan" to the author has been told before, but it is worth rehearsing. In the autumn of 1880, a friend of Mr. Page showed him a letter that had been taken from the pocket of a dead private of a Georgia regiment. It was from his sweetheart, and was very badly written. She told him of her love, and of her sorrow for her bad treatment of him. She said that she had loved him all the time, ever since they had gone to school together, when he used to be so good to her. If he could only get a furlough and come home she would marry him. A postscript scrawled across the blue Confederate paper stated that he must not come home without a furlough, for if he didn't



DICKEN'S BOOK-PLATE.

From a book in the Gadshill library.

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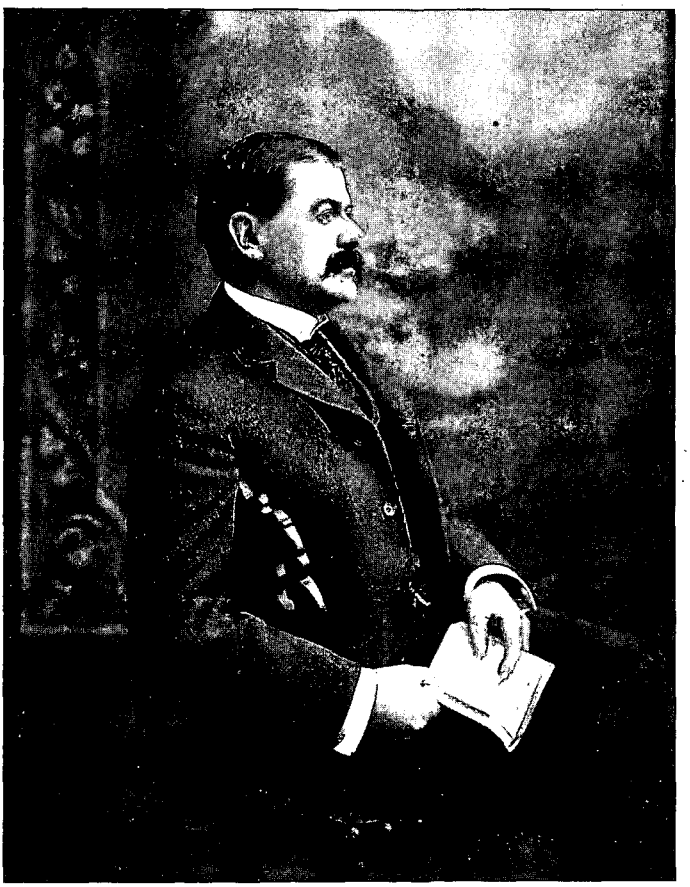

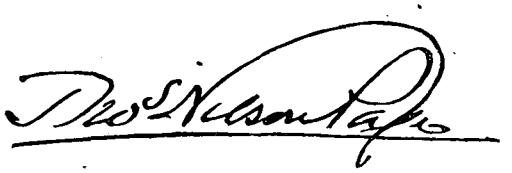

From a photograph by Davis and Sanford, New York.

"come honourable" she would not marry him. The poor fellow got his furlough at Malvern Hill, or Fair Oaks, from a bullet. The incident so touched Mr. Page that he went straight to his law office and began to write "Marse Chan." He finished it in a few days, and sent it to *Scribner's Monthly*. It was not, however, until April, 1884, that "Marse Chan" was published in the *Century*, which, in the meantime, had succeeded the old *Scribner's Monthly*, although the story had been accepted, and Mr. Page had received eighty dollars for it. The delay in publishing "Marse Chan" discouraged Mr. Page from making further attempts at story writing, and with the exception of "A Soldier of the Empire," and a paper on "Old Yorktown," he wrote nothing else during this period.

The publication of "Marse Chan" turned the tide, and in a short time Mr. Page was the most-talked-of writer of the day. "Marse Chan" was soon followed by the other stories, which have been before the public in book form since 1887 under the suggestive title, *In Ole Virginia*. Mr. Page considers "Unc' Edinburg," one of these stories, the best picture of old Virginia life that he has drawn. Other stories and other books have since appeared from his graceful and winning pen, all of them distinguished by an exquisite artistic taste, a delightful delicacy of feeling and delicious humour, but *In Ole Virginia* holds a special niche of its own. Mr. Page was a boy of eight years when the war broke out, and for two winters the army of Northern Virginia was encamped not far from his home at Oakland, Hanover County, Virginia, a part of the old Nelson domain, situated between two of the principal roads that led "on to Richmond." He was educated at Washington College, and at the University of Virginia, where he studied law. To write as Mr. Page has written of the old South one must not only have lived there, he must come of a stock that has struggled and fought and died there. On both sides of the family tree Mr. Page has his roots deeply imbedded in the Virginia soil. The above portrait of Mr. Page is published for the first time.

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It did not seem possible to us that the Jungle Books could be paralleled for many a day, but it would appear that Mr. Kipling has a rival in Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, whose recent book, *Wild Animals I Have Known*, is captivating readers of all sorts, both young and old. A story, which we can vouch for as being authentic, will show how the young mind discriminates when called upon for criticism. Copies of the Jungle Books and *Wild Animals I Have Known* were given to a boy of twelve at Christmas time, and after he had read them he was asked which he liked the better. The boy remained in doubt for a little while, but he ultimately reached the following conclusion: "Well, I like the Jungle stories; I think the animals are fine; but"—and a smile of relief broke over his face—"the animals in the other book, you know, are *real!*"

After this it is not surprising to find "Uncle Remus" writing enthusiastically about the book, and it is amusing to learn that the delightful chronicler of the sayings and doings of "Brer Rabbit" has found himself anticipated in Mr. Thompson's work. "I was afraid to read it," writes Joel Chandler Harris, "owing to the fact that I am engaged on some animal autobiographies to be embodied in a successor to the Thimblefinger books; but the pictures were so alluring in the first place and the text in the second, that I could not help myself—and now I am afraid folks will find traces of Thompson in my stories. Well, if the traces are read, 'twill be all the better for me."

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson is by no means unknown to the world of letters, but there are thousands who have never heard of him before, and to whom *Wild Animals I Have Known* will come with the fresh force of a new discovery in literature. In 1883 he began to be known as a naturalist, and his studies in zoölogy eventually materialised in two books, *The Birds of Manitoba* and *The Mammals of Manitoba*, and resulted in his being appointed government naturalist to that province, an honorary position which he still holds. His work in these volumes created a great deal of interest

Yours sincerely
Ernest Seton Thompson

Photographed by Miss Ben-Yusuf.

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among the publishers and scientists of the East, and led to his being invited to come to this city by the Century Company, to illustrate the animals and birds for their Encyclopædic Dictionary. He was engaged on this work until 1890, and made over one thousand drawings for it. He then went to London and obtained a scholarship, entitling him to seven years' tuition at the Royal Academy, but after eighteen months of it he threw up the work in disgust and went to Paris. There he studied with Henry Mosler and painted his first picture within a year after his arrival. The subject was drawn from his wolf-hunting experiences in Western America, and the picture was hung in the Salon in a place of honour on the line. Some eighteen drawings and pictures followed, and were all exhibited in the Salon, all of them, too, being wolf subjects, which has won for him the sobriquet of "Wolf" Thompson, for many of Mr. Thompson's critics hold, curiously enough, that his best stories and pictures have had this fearful and cunning beast for their subject.

Mr. Thompson's most important work, *The Art Anatomy of Animals*, a royal quarto volume published by the Macmillans, with text and plates both from the author's hand, was the result of four years' laborious and conscientious study. It is a work of which he may well feel proud, for it has proved invaluable to scientists, and is considered by them the finest work of its kind ever done in America, not even second to the great Audubon. In the preparation of this work for the press, Mr. Thompson was greatly indebted to Miss Grace Gallatin, the daughter of Mr. Albert Gallatin of California, who it is not therefore to be wondered at became the wife of Mr. Thompson subsequently in June, 1896. Mrs. Thompson's literary gifts and her appreciation of art have enabled her to enter into full sympathy with her husband's aims, and to her we are also indebted for the artistic form and bookmaking of *Wild Animals I Have Known*. We should also like to call attention to the fact that the illustrations in Mr. Frank M. Chapman's *Bird-Life*, published by the Messrs. Appleton in 1897, were from drawings of the birds taken by Mr. Thompson amid their natural surroundings. They have been pronounced to be the best bird drawings ever produced in America, and to be as far ahead of Audubon as Audubon was ahead of those who preceded him. Mr. Thompson's drawings are also familiar in the pages of the leading magazines. *Wild Animals I Have Known* is in its seventh thousand, and is reviewed on another page. The portrait of Mr. Thompson, given on the preceding page, is from a photograph by Miss Ben-Yusuf, which is especially prized by Mrs. Thompson.

We have received several inquiries regarding the author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, a novel, published a few months ago by the Messrs. Appleton. One of these inquiring correspondents calls it "the brightest novel of the last eleven years." We have already made some comment on the book, which was also reviewed among our Novel Notes in the same number (January). There is little to add. Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler had already published several volumes of little consequence previous to the publication of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, but she owes her reputation to this book alone. Her other books reveal her as a versifier, and not as a novelist, and of these verses not much need be said. Fluency of expression, thought that is more witty than profound, and a tendency to allow the rhyme to run away with the sense, are her chief characteristics in verse. These qualities may be seen even in her novel, in the chapter headings and in the fragments of verse scattered through its pages. Some critics see in her poetry just what her novel lacks, namely, the quality of style and form. We are inclined to agree with this view, and while denying to the author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* any great achievement in fiction, we must accord the book generous praise, and view it as something more than a mere promise. Faults by the score one may find in the novel, but she has two rare gifts which offset these, and which compel and convince the reader once he has subjected himself to the spell of the first page. She is always readable, and she possesses in a singular degree the power of creating character. She interests us intensely in

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what she has to say, and her characters hold us for the time as if they were flesh and blood. And these things make for popularity.

Another book published by the same firm, which is being very much read at present, is *David Harum*, a posthumous work of fiction by Edward Noyes Westcott. The mournful fact that the author lived only long enough to finish the work and was fated never to know of its success has added a touch of human interest to the book, which is remarkable for its vigorous portrayal of an original and humorous type of character peculiar to Central New York.

The memoirs of Alphonse Daudet and the Daudet family, by Léon and Ernest Daudet, which we announced as in process of translation some months ago, have recently been published in one volume by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. The translation is the work of Mr. Charles De Kay. What one finds in these memoirs is not a coldly measured biographical account of the famous Frenchman as a man of letters and a writer of fiction, but the portrait of a loving and beloved father, revered by his family, enshrined in their affections; a portrait limned and coloured through the hues of sympathy and devotion. We see Daudet, a noble and beautiful figure, as he lingers through the suffering of the last months of his life; we view him in the relation which his life bore to literature, and feel the buoyancy of the gentle and optimistic creator of Tartarin; we look upon him as a man of family, and so on. And through it all there beats the throbbing of a strong affection and an ardent worship. An appendix containing a dialogue between father and son is also recorded, "Concerning the Imagination." A portrait of Alphonse Daudet, from a photogravure by Goupil of Paris, forms the frontispiece to the volume, and it is herewith reproduced through the courtesy of the publishers.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The *Sketch* calls our attention to a little volume entitled *Thornton and the Brontës*, by William Scruton, a well-known antiquarian student, who has already published a book known to Brontë collectors as *The Birthplace of*

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Charlotte Brontë. Thornton, it will be remembered, was the birthplace of Charlotte Brontë and her sister Emily. The book has been prepared solely for distribution among the members of the Brontë Society, and only a few copies are on sale for Brontë enthusiasts at home and abroad who do not happen to be members of that society. If any such enthusiasts there be on this side of the water, we may recommend them to address Mr. Scruton, care of John Dale,

EMILY BRONTË.

From a portrait in "Thornton and the Brontës."

Bridge Street, Bradford, England. Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the author of *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, speaks highly of the book and says that it is well worth possessing if only for the pictures. One of these, a portrait of Emily Brontë, is said to have been recognised as a fairly good likeness by Martha Brown, the old servant of the family. While this portrait does not suggest any striking individuality, and may well be questioned, the fact that no authentic portrait of Emily Brontë has yet been discovered makes the reproduction of this portrait even at a hazard peculiarly interesting.

The Frederic Fund, which has been instituted in London on behalf of the widow and children of the late Harold Frederic, will not surely be allowed to go without warm support from his own countrymen. It has been found that the English royalties and copyrights of his works willed to his widow are so heavily mortgaged that no possible source of revenue is forthcoming from this quarter. Two of the children are boys of nine and eleven. Mrs. Frederic is without any means of support whatever. One who knows all about the sad family affairs of the Fredericks makes a strong appeal for the assistance of those who have been left to face misunderstanding and dire want. "Not much can be said," writes our esteemed correspondent, "especially as Harold Frederic made himself so generally beloved. But no one ever dreamed of blaming Grace Frederic, his wife, in any way, first or last; while it is she who suffers now. The Fund is just, if ever a fund was such." Among those who have joined the Committee are Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Edward Lawson, Canon Eyton, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Heinemann, Mr. Harmsworth and Mr. W. E. Henley. The trustees of the Fund are Mr. Sidney S. Pawling and Mr. Brandon Thomas, and the secretary is Mr. W. J. Fisher, who asks that cheques made payable to the Frederic Fund, and crossed London and Coventry Bank, should be sent to him at 88 St. George's Square, London, S. W. Contributions to the Fund will also be gladly received by the editors of THE BOOKMAN.

As there may be some persons whose judgment has been obscured regarding the Christian Science complications attending Mr. Frederic's death, and who might be inclined to refuse aid to Mrs. Frederic because she allowed experiments in his last sickness, we should like to make clear the fact that Mr. Frederic died, away from his own home, where his family could not control matters. Any one who knew him at all knows that the truth of all this twaddle about

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his belief in Christian Science treatment is simply that he was moved by his consideration for a third person's feelings, and brought himself to submit to everything she proposed sooner than cause her continued anxiety or suffering. There never was any one who was more clear-headed than Mr. Frederic, or who all his life had quicker and saner recourse to physicians in regular standing. It is worth while to dispel the fog that has obscured this point, for it was by no means through any mistake on the part of his wife that the life of this man, beloved by all, ended prematurely at the age of forty-two.

We understand that Miss Beatrice Harraden has discarded the original unwieldy title which she had adopted for her new novel, and has finally decided to call it *The Fowler*. The title is suggested by the verse in the Psalms, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler." It will appear in the spring, and there is every indication, both in this country and in England, that it will be the book of the season.

Of the three authors crowned by the *Academy* and rewarded by fifty guineas each for books published during 1898, we herewith present a portrait of Mr. Sidney Lee, whose *Life of Shakespeare*, which won him the award, is reviewed on another page. We have already published portraits of Mr. Maurice Hewlett and of Mr. Joseph Conrad, the other fortunate authors. Mr. Lee's biography of Shakespeare is published by the Macmillan Company.

SIDNEY LEE.

The two ponderous volumes on Shakespeare by Georg Brandes, also published by the Macmillan Company, had their origin in a series of lectures which the Danish critic delivered at the Copenhagen University. These lectures were subsequently printed in an enlarged form and met with universal success in Scandinavia—a success which may be duplicated in England and America. Georg Brandes was born in Copenhagen nearly sixty years ago. He has a clever, quick, sharp face, thoughtful eyes and a very energetic manner, so full of gesticulation that it seems almost dramatic. His speech is rapid yet impressive; he is fond of congenial society and always attracts a clever coterie around him no matter in what part of the world he may pitch his camp. No one has read literature more widely or with a keener insight. His study is a large room with bookcases running along three sides of the walls almost from floor to ceiling. Here are great masses of English literature, among which we note well-thumbed volumes of Swinburne, of whom Brandes is a great admirer, and of John Stuart Mill, many of whose works he has translated. Here also are to be found shelves groaning with the weight of French volumes, notable among which are many editions of Taine, on whose philosophy Brandes has written a popular work in Danish. The window of his study commands a quaint view over one of those many canals with which Copenhagen is riddled, and on whose water picturesque barges seem forever to ply to and fro. It is from a writing table at this window that Herr Brandes looks on the old town he knows and loves so well. Though speaking English with effort, he reads and writes it with the greatest ease. French he

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knows equally well and of the German tongue he is a master, lecturing as fluently in that language as he does in Danish. He is a rapid thinker and a quick writer; hence the many volumes that bear his name.

❦

It is disappointing in a retrospect of a season's publications to find books of real merit and imaginative power almost wholly neglected. One notable example of this is Mr. Steuart's *The Minister of State*, published early last autumn. This novel appeared in England in the spring of last year, and was at once received with unwonted applause from the critics. Moreover, the sale of the book, which was unusually large at the time of its reception by the English public, still continues there; while on this side, beyond making a favourable impression on several critics and being read by a few enthusiastic readers, it seems to have missed public recognition altogether. More's the pity, because it is a piece of genuine literature to begin with, as well as being a novel of strong characterisation and charming narrative. Once a reader gets into the story there can be no doubt that it will hold him to the end.

❦

Mr. Steuart is making progress with another novel, which will appear in the course of the present year. Like Hall Caine's rumoured novel, whose projected title is *The Drunkard*, it deals with the drink question in England, which Mr. Steuart declares is "an awful and tragic question when one comes into close quarters with it." It is needless to say that the novel will not be a temperance tract, but a dramatic presentation of men and women in the throes of a great evil—a great misery. The plot turns on the revulsion of feeling that comes to the son of a millionaire brewer when he discovers the havoc that is wrought by the product with which his whole life is associated. The situation suggests an interesting and dramatic story.

❦

It is encouraging, on the other hand, to find a work of such genuine and entertaining humour as Mr. F. P. Dunne's *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War*, receiving an almost instantaneous recogition. But the book is one which we felt sure from the beginning would meet with quick appreciation and ready reward, for the Americans above all people are swift to discern and to appreciate humour. Besides, *Mr. Dooley* was not only the creation of a man of imagination, but of a man of deep humanity, and the spell which falls on everybody who reads the book is not far to seek. We note with satisfaction that the publishers, Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, have secured another book of Mr. Dooley's utterances to be published later in the year. It was a happy inspiration, by the way, that prompted Mr. Herbert Small to project as a title for this forthcoming book, *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen*. Meanwhile *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War* is the book of the moment, as can be seen from our list of best selling books. At the last report it was in its fortieth thousand.

❦

The Doubleday and McClure Company have just published a volume of stories by a new Irish writer, entitled *Through the Turf Smoke*, with the subtitle, "The Love, Lore and Laughter of Old Ireland." Seumas MacManus, although newly introduced here, is by no means a stranger to the reading world on the other side. He has already published four or five books of rollicking Irish stories and idyllic character sketches, the former being best represented perhaps by *'Twas in Dhroll Donegal*, and the latter by *The Bend of the Road*. It would be unfair to give the impression that Mr. MacManus is only a teller of funny stories, although he has the art of the raconteur and a keen eye for the comic side of things. If we mistake not, Mr. MacManus himself leans most kindly toward his studies of Irish life and character, and in them we have his best work, though not his most popular perhaps. He has the observing eye and is a true humourist. He discloses life on both sides; its tenderness and tears, its mirth and laughter. He has done for Donegal, even in what we have already seen of his work, what is being done in sectional literature nowadays for various quarters of the globe. "In Donegal, civilisation wins but slowly," he has said, "and the curse of optim-

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ism clings to our valleys with the pertinacity of the silver mists. With the proverbial perversity of our Irish nature, the well-spring of merriment gushes with us now as free and fresh as it did in darker days. He that considers even the shorn lamb has given the wayward Celtic soul the power of rising up, like Gulliver among the pigmies, and shaking to earth the little cares that would infest it." One who has visited Mr. MacManus's "Dhroll Donegal" says that you strike humour the moment you set foot on the turf. Certainly you find it the moment you open one of Mr. MacManus's books. One feels indeed that he has struck a mine which is well-nigh inexhaustible in its resources of idyllic humour, pathos and folk-fancy.

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Mr. MacManus has been for some months past in this country, partly on a visit, but mainly to make the acquaintance of the literary world, and he has been very successful in finding a hearing for his work. Several of the principal magazines have accepted a number of his stories, which will be published during the spring and summer, and the Messrs. Harper will probably publish a volume of his work later in the year. Mr. McManus is a young man, just turned thirty, and he has spent his years in the village of Mount Charles, in County Donegal, where he was born. For some years he was the master of the village school, with some forty pupils, now occupying the selfsame position in which he had served his apprenticeship to learning before them. The literary impulse first became evident in him while at school when he used to distract his fellow-pupils from their lessons by the spell that his art as a story-teller cast over them. His early attempts in ballad and story appeared in the Donegal *Vindicator*, to which he became a contributor some seven years ago; and his first book, a collection of sketches and poems, which he launched through a local publisher, had a more successful career than is awarded to most initial efforts of this sort. His latest work, *The Bend of the Road*, was published last year by Messrs. Downey and Company, and consists of a series of homely character sketches in out-of-the-way corners of Donegal. The book which the Doubleday and McClure Company has published is intended to give a fair representation of what this young Irish author has done so far for "grey, old Donegal."

Ellen G. Ryerson, Senior Composition Teacher in Masten Park High School, Buffalo, N. Y., writes corroborating an incident which we related about Mr. Robert Barr in these columns last month. We print Miss Ryerson's pleasant letter:

DEAR BOOKMAN: Your helpful magazine has been, for some months, a part of the literary equipment of the Senior Girls' Room in Masten Park High School. This February

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number is unusually valuable to us, because you refer in it to an incident which occurred in said room during Mr. Robert Barr's recent visit to this country.

The story in *McClure's* was "The Grindstone Question," and Mr. Barr really visited a class and read the pupils' versions of his own story.

Thanking you for our enjoyment of this number of THE BOOKMAN, I am, etc.

On another page we have reproduced several scenes from *Alice in Wonderland* as it has been presented on the stage of the Opera Comique, London. Lewis Carroll's masterpiece of nonsense has been frequently arranged after this manner for private entertainments and on social occasions for children. A recent performance of this kind was given by children at Bedford Park, in London, and the accompanying picture shows how the youngsters appeared in the closing scene. An excellent dramatic version by Emily Prime Delafield was recently published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. We also review at length in this number *The Life and Letters by Lewis Carroll*, which has just been published by the Century Company. The fac-simile of a programme of *Alice*, reproduced on the next page, is taken from this interesting volume.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" PLAYED BY CHILDREN.

The last theatrical performance, by the way, that Lewis Carroll witnessed was Mr. Barrie's *Little Minister* at the Haymarket. The date was November 20th, 1897. He called it "a beautiful play, beautifully acted," and said that he should like to see it "again and again." He was especially attracted by the Lady Babbie, acted by Mrs. Cyril Maude.

Phroso has just been withdrawn from the Empire Theatre, and will, we hope, convince Mr. Charles Frohman and other managers that a poor play even by a popular author cannot be foisted through a good company into popular favour. It also goes still further to show to what cheap and Philistine uses the talents of good actors may be put by a management given over to meretricious standards of art and to commercial avarice. *Under the Red Robe*, with its pasteboard and puppets, was bad enough; *The Conquerors* was an outrage on decency in art and morals; but *Phroso* played by this effective stock company was neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring. The palpable absurdities of the piece; the utter lack of illusion; the artifices to which the dramatists were evidently driven in their efforts at dovetailing made the thing a laughing-stock to the intelligent. There is no disparagement of Anthony Hope in all this, nor of his story, which, though far from comparable to that brilliant *tour de force*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, is in itself a capital tale and a sure cure for *ennui*. We doubt if Mr. Hawkins did more than lend his name to the play. We prefer to think so, for in *The Adventure of the Lady Ursula*, he proved that he was capable of writing a bright, ingenious comedy. We also question whether the author

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himself, clever playwright as he is, could have constructed a better stage piece out of *Phroso*, for it is not in it. The sorry adaptation is another grievance for those opposed to the dramatised novel. There is no reason why the novelist should not write plays that would be as effective on the stage as his novels are with the reader. But he must keep his novels and his plays apart. Plays and novels, as we quoted from Mr. Barrie last month, require quite different construction; but the story writer who is dramatic may become sufficiently theatrical by serving a short apprenticeship to the stage. Mr. Barrie has himself made progress in the right direction since he wrote his article on "The Coming Dramatist," and Mr. Hawkins in his *Lady Ursula*, strengthens our faith in his dramatic ability.

❧

Anthony Hope, like Mr. Barrie, had to be shaken out of his diffidence regarding his dramatic fitness before he allowed his virgin effort to appear on the boards. We do not believe that the circumstances attending the production of *The Adventure of the Lady Ursula* have ever been made public. One day during his visit to America over a year ago, Mr. Hawkins was combating an argument with Mr. R. H. Russell (the New York publisher who has recently brought out *Lady Ursula* in an exquisite dress), that he had a knack for the stage. Mr. Russell was trying to persuade him to dramatise *Rupert of Hentzau* himself, instead of putting it in the hands of a playwright. Just to convince Mr. Russell that he was mistaken, Mr. Hawkins said he would hunt up "a sad little thing," that he had attempted and in disgust had buried in the bottom of his trunk. The manuscript was resurrected from its ignominious grave, with the result that Mr. Russell upon finishing it urged the author to take it at once to Mr. Sothern—"and I'll bet you," said he, "that he has it in rehearsal within a week." As a matter of fact, *The Adventure of the Lady Ursula* was put in rehearsal the next day. If Anthony Hope has any more such manuscripts in the dark recesses of his trunk, we gladly invite him to turn them out. But do let him spare us such theatric nightmares as *Phroso*.

❧

In a short-lived serial causerie called "The Fly on the Wheel," which Anthony Hope began in an English magazine once upon a time, he played with the problem of an author's methods in writing stories. In a lady's mouth, he said, the question runs, "Oh, Mr. Fly, how *do* you think of those *lovely* stories?" In the mouth of a man it is, "I say, Fly, old chap, how the deuce do you turn out all that stuff of yours?" The Fly confessed that the question was too

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ROYAL GLOBE THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager ... ... Mr RICHARD MANSFIELD

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1888, and every Afternoon at 2.30,

ALICE IN WONDERLAND,

A MUSICAL DREAM PLAY, in Two Acts, for Children and others, founded on LEWIS CARROL'S STORIES
By H. SAVILE CLARKE. Music by WALTER SLAUGHTER. Produced under the Direction of the AUTHOR and Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.

Incidental Dances arranged by Mdlle. ROSA. Properties by LABHART. Dresses by M. and Madame ALIAS, designed by M. L. BESCHE, from Mr. JOHN TENNIEL'S illustrations to the Stories. Entirely New Scenery.

A Nursery Magician took
All little children by the hand:
And led them laughing through the book
Where Alice walks in Wonderland.

Ours the task, with Elfin dance
And song, to give to Childhood's gaze
That Wonderland: and should it chance
To win a smile, be his the praise.
H. Savile Clarke.

Act I.—ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

Alice	... ...	Miss ISA BOWMAN	
White Rabbit	... ... Master CHARLES BOWMAN	Dormouse	... ... Miss EMMIE BOWMAN
Caterpillar	... ...Master JOHN SMART	King of Hearts	... ... Master STEPHEN ADESON
Duchess	... ... Miss NORTON	Queen of Hearts	... ... Miss DEWHURST
Cook	... ... Miss EDITH VANBRUGH	Knave of Hearts	... Miss IRENE VANBRUGH
Cheshire Cat	... ... Master CHARLES ADESON	Executioner	... ... Mr. ROY
Hatter	... ... Mr. SIDNEY HARCOURT	Gryphon	... ... Mr. DRUCE
Hare	... ... Mr GODFREY	Mock Turtle	... ... Mr. T. P. HAYNES

Scenes: I.—A Forest in Autumn. II.—Wonderland. (Mr. E. BANKS.)

Alice at sea—The Song of the Elves—Alice awakes in Wonderland—The White Rabbit—"How doth the Little Crocodile"—The Caterpillar—"You are Old Father William"—The Duchess—The Baby and the Cook!

Speak roughly to your little boy
And beat him when he sneezes.
He only does it to annoy
Because he thinks it teases.

The Cheshire Cat—The March Hare—The Hatter and the Dormouse—The Mad Tea Party—"Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat"—The Dormouse's Story—"So they say"—The King and Queen of Hearts—The Knave of Hearts—"Off with her head." GRAND GAVOTTE OF CARDS.
The Cheshire Cat again—A Cat may look at a King—The Cat ordered for Execution—"Can't be done"—Trio: "Help the Executioner"—The Mock Turtle—The Gryphon—The Story of their School days. "Beautiful Soup so rich and green"—The Lobster Quadrille—"Will you walk a little faster?" said the Whiting to the Snail—The Story of the Whitings and the Porpoise.

'Tis the voice of the Lobster I heard him declare,
You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair;
As a duck with his necktie, so he with his nose,
Trims his belt and his buttons and turns out his toes.

The Stolen Tarts—The Trial of the Knave of Hearts—The Hatter's Evidence—The Twinkling of the Tea—The Dormouse denies it—Alice's verdict—FINALE.

Act II.—THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Alice	... ...	Miss ISA BOWMAN	
White King	... ... Mr. GODFREY	Tweedledum	... ... Mr. SIDNEY HARCOURT
White Queen	... ... Miss IRENE VANBRUGH	Tweedledee	... ... Mr. T. P. HAYNES
The Carpenter	... ... Mr. ROY	Humpty-Dumpty	... ...Mr. DRUCE
The Walrus	... ... Mr. DRUCE	The Lion	... ... Master ALLWOOD
White Knight	... ... Master STEPHEN ADESON	The Unicorn	... ... Master CHARLES BOWMAN
Lily	... ... Miss NORTON	Hare	... ... Mr. GODFREY
Rose	... ... Miss EDITH VANBRUGH	Cook	... ... Mr. SMILES
Red Queen	... ... Miss DEWHURST	Plum Pudding	... ... Miss D'ALCOURT
Red King	... ...Master CHARLES ADESON	Oyster Ghost (with Hornpipe)	... Miss EMMIE BOWMAN

Scene: Looking-Glass Land. (Mr. E. BANKS.)

Looking-glass Lane—The Chessmen and the Chorus—The Red King and the Red Queen—"Jabberwocky."
'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Appearance of the Jabberwock—Chorus of Flowers—The Garden of Live Flowers—What the Lily and Rose said—The Red Queen's advice—Tweedledum and Tweedledee—"Here we go round the Mulberry Bush"—The Walrus and the Carpenter.

The fate of the Oysters—The broken rattle—Great and deadly combat between Tweedledum and Tweedledee—The Crow and the Farmers—The White Queen and jam every other day—The visit to Humpty-Dumpty and Alice's interview with him—An unbirthday present—The fall of Humpty-Dumpty and "all the King's Horses and all the King's Men"—The Red King and the Anglo-Saxon Messenger.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN—The White Knight—Alice becomes a Queen—The Festival.
Sound the loyal trumpets, set the bells a-ringing,
Here are curried crumpets, crocodiles, and baksh'sh!
Raise on high the chalice, in our honour singing,
Welcome, welcome, Alice, with the noble Queens

OH! I'VE HAD SUCH A CURIOUS DREAM."

PRICES—Private Boxes from £1 10s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES FOR CHILDREN UNDER TWELVE.—Stalls, 5s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 3s.
Doors open at 2 15; Commence at 2 30. Box Office open from 10 to 5, under the direction of Mr. F. H. INNES.
Musical Director ... Mr. EDWARD GERMAN | Stage Managers ... Mr. SIDNEY HARCOURT and Mr. E. B. NORMAN
Business Manager for "Alice in Wonderland" ... ... Mr. E. D. GRIFFITHS.

IMPERIAL GRENADE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS are fixed up throughout this Theatre as a provision against Fire.
All ICES sold at this Theatre are supplied by the HORTON ICE CREAM Co., and Tea and Coffee by DAKIN & COMPY.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PROGRAMME OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

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much for his candour, and as he had no desire to make a secret of his method he proposed to exhibit it in the form of a diary—the record of a day. "Let us suppose," he said, "that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working-den at 9.45 and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

"10.0.—Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.

"10.3.—Light pipe, and sit down in large armchair by fire.

"10.15.—Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)

"10.45.—I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything after all.

"11.15.—I wish the —— these —— people hadn't ask me to write for their —— paper!

"11.45.—Hullo! Will that do?

"12.0. —Hang it, that's no use!

"12.30.—I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

"12.40.—Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the ——? All right, here it is! Now then! (*Scribble.*)

"1.0.—Lunch! Good, I believe it's going!

"1.30.—Now I'll just knock it off. (*Scribble.*)

"2.15.—Well, I don't quite see my way to —— Oh, yes I do! Good! That's not so bad.

"3.0.—One, two, three—three hundred words a page. Well, I've put that in in good time anyhow! Where's that pipe?

"3.15.—I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

"3.40.—Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

"3.50.—I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

"4.0.—She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.

"4.15.—Oh, confound it!

"4.45.—Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good! I'm in the straight now!

"5.0.—Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their look-out, they've bought it.

"5.3.—It's not so bad, though, after all.

"5.11.—I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

"5.15.—H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

"5.20.—No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

"5.25.—Pretty smart ending!

"5.30.—Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all!

"5.35.—Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I shan't touch a pen again to-day.

"There it is—How a Story is Written. By One who has Done it. . . . That remark about the 'dozen men in England' represents a momentary phase of feeling, not a reasoned opinion."

Father Tabb requests us to publish this statement in these columns:

St. Charles' College,
Ellicott City, Md.

Dear Sirs:—I should be glad to correct in The Bookman what a writer in some other periodical has said, namely, that the Messrs. Harper, my generous friends, paid me a "pittance" for my poem "The Cloud," the first I ever sold. Their cheque was a liberal one, and relieved me of pressing necessity; so much so that under the lines I have written the following memorandum:

One day with foot upon the ground,
I stood among the crowd;
The next, with sole renewed, I found
A footing on "The Cloud."

Very truly yours,
John B. Tabb.

Over a year ago we remarked in these columns that of all books in the world, *Don Quixote* is the book for an English-speaking boy. There is a time in the period of boyhood, when, after he has read the Waverley Novels, Fenimore Cooper and Captain Marryat, he pauses between Thackeray and Dickens, not quite ready for either, and that is the time when *Don Quixote* should be put into the boy's hands. We put forth

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a plea at that time for a good edition of this classic for the boy, and we note with pleasure that the Macmillan Company are about to issue an edition of *Don Quixote* for popular use in homes and schools, edited by Clifton Johnston. The coarseness of the original has been omitted, and also the more offensive details of some of the adventures, which though palatable to the mature imagination, present rather strong meat to younger readers. The two qualities which the boy wants most in his books are enthusiasm and loyalty, and in *Don Quixote* he will find them to his heart's content.

The original marriage-chest of Izaak Walton has turned up in a lumber-room at Warwick Castle. Lord Warwick disavows any knowledge of its history. The inscriptions read:

IZAAK WALTON—RACHEL FLOUD.

Joyned Together in ye Holie Bonde of Wedlocke
On ye 27th Daie of Decembre A 1626 D.
We once were two, we two made one;
We no more two, through life bee one.

This is evidently Walton's *first* wife, as he married again in 1632.

The original drawings by Mr. Orson Lowell for the illustrated edition of *The Chair Invisible* were recently on exhibition at Messrs. Frederick Keppel and Company's art rooms in this city. The catalogue, a copy of which we have seen, contains a letter from Mr. James Lane Allen to Mr. Lowell, in which he expresses his appreciation of the artist's work. As the letter is a graceful piece of writing and is not likely to be seen by many persons beyond the circle of those who visited the exhibition, we print it here for the benefit of our readers:

MY DEAR MR. LOWELL:—The writer of a book is not perhaps the fittest person to praise the pictures that adorn it, inasmuch as he cannot call attention to these without calling attention to his own work also; and the bare look of that is black and grimy indeed.

Nevertheless, justice never lies wholly on a single side of any question; and if it is to be shorn in two, surely the better part of it is that which lends itself to the fair appreciation of others. Since, then, a book of mine has lately had the good fortune to be placed in your hands for the purpose of illustration, even the poorest sense of gratitude would constrain me to say how much it has gained through your studious, your beautiful, your truly illuminating art. You have created your own interpretation of the text; and have imposed it so successfully upon the eye of the author, at least, that he is fain to accept your personages and your incidents as prior realities from which his story was drawn, rather than as later fancies drawn from his story. To this statement, however, there is one natural, perhaps one inevitable exception: Your Mrs. Falconer is not his Mrs. Falconer. How could she be? How could you draw this lady whom you have never seen? And how could he allow you to offer him another in her stead? And yet, possibly for your very departure from the original in this instance, he is all the more grateful. Sincerely yours,

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

A hand-bill from India, advertising a big show which was to appear at the opening of a fine new theatre in Delhi—

said to be the only one in the Punjab—shows us how they manage these things in Kipling's land. The bill, a fac-simile of which is herewith given, is illustrated with sketches showing the performers at their various tricks. You will notice the lady playing a snake-charmer's instrument. "You will be, of sure, much amused," to read how the company is to act, "upon Theatrical Dramers," in "well adorned dress" to the "sweet sound-

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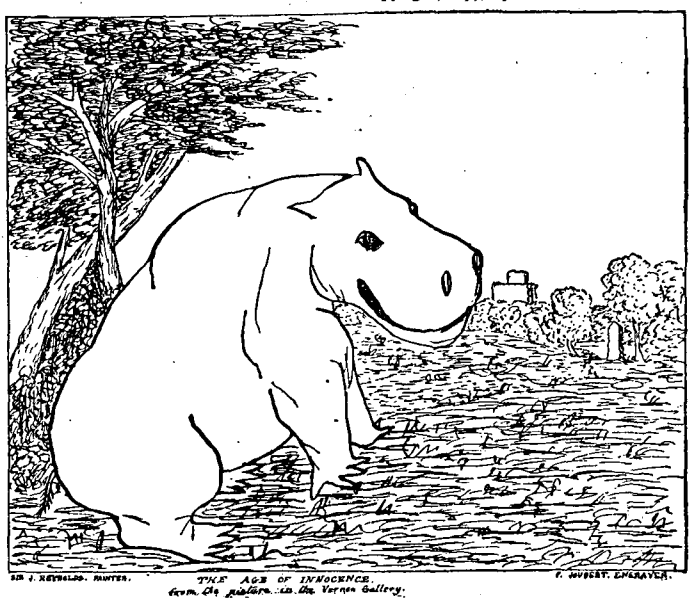

A DRAWING BY LEWIS CARROLL.

ing music," of a hysterical tom-tom and a first and last fiddle of the caterwaul order. This bill, we may say, is issued for Europeans only; that for natives is *not* illustrated.

Here is an interesting picture drawn by Lewis Carroll when a mere lad. We have reproduced it through the courtesy of the publishers, and submit it as prefiguring thus early the New Animal which has been rampant in recent Animal Alphabets, and bad boys' Books of Beasts and Noah's Arks.

Under the editorship of Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company have in preparation a series of Beacon Biographies, to consist of short lives of eminent Americans, contributed by competent writers, each to be especially qualified for the subject which he will treat. Four or five of these little volumes will be ready in the spring, and the first to be published will be a life of Daniel Webster, by Mr. Norman Hapgood.

Mr. Hapgood's recent articles on current drama and acting in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Contemporary Review* have aroused a good deal of hostile criticism in the press, and he has also received a number of letters which have been elicited by what might be called his higher criticism of the drama. In a conversation with Mr. Hapgood on the subject we asked him what were the principal objections of his critics and correspondents. While we do not always agree with Mr. Hapgood, we are compelled to admit that his thorough-going and rigorous principles of dramatic criticism, command the respect of every one interested in the drama as a fine art. What he had to say in defence of his assailed positions seems to us to be deserving of a serious hearing. "In the first place," said Mr. Hapgood, "taking both countries together, probably the greatest number of objections have been to putting *The Little Minister* so high. They call it pretty and innocent with condescension, but are rather shocked at having it deemed more valuable than *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Of course it is not a great play, but it is a well-rounded one, deftly constructed and neatly written, and it has the merit, rare in these days in English drama, of appealing at once to the cultivated and the simple. You remember the Director in the Prologue to *Faust*, who urged the dramatist to include many elements in his play that there might be something for every kind of spectator. Well, the trouble with the particularly intellectual plays of the day is that limited, special and difficult psychology can never be of importance, either to the uneducated or to those who have been fully educated into a return to simplicity.

"Then the attack on social intercourse between actors and fashionable people has been objected to. In all such cases while general rules may be true, they are not absolute; but from what I have

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seen of actors I feel sure that their talent is almost always injured when the social bee gets in their bonnets. Good company is one thing, and the self-conscious, barren, nervous crowd whose names appear in society columns is another. It is bad for any decent person, but actors are the most impressionable of all. What the player wants is an elastic, warm, rich temperament and a life that keeps it rich, warm and elastic, however vulgar or immoral it may be. It is not refinement he needs, but vividness and the power of letting himself go.

"My abhorrence of scenery and its influence on plays is also an unpopular position, but I see that George Moore has written violently in the same direction, and it is a venerable principle firmly held by a line of critics from Aristotle through Lessing down to date. To see such a man as Archer partly in the other camp is discouraging. It will have to have its day, and so long as it lasts it will be one of the worst obstacles to a revival in the theatre. Wagner's is the only great name in its support, and it would be interesting to see an explanation from somebody qualified to understand the German musician's peculiar genius. Two managers within a week have explained to me that under modern conditions no other system than long runs and elaborate settings is possible. I referred them both to Mr. Conried of the Irving Place Theatre, who even with a public of rapidly Americanising Germans manages to change his bill frequently, uses simple but adequate sets, and has a higher average in acting than any house in the Broadway district.

"A fourth point is made in favour of naturalism, but with the present trend toward romance that aberration may be left to take care of itself. There is no use in beating a dead dog. In criticism, punishment after death is unsatisfactory. We ought to keep hammering at those principles which materially help or hurt the drama. The most important doctrine to preach in dramatic criticism today is that nothing whatever can compensate for the absence from our theatres of great plays and plenty of them. Schiller once told what a great public educator the theatre was; he might say so in his own country to-day. What would he say after a winter in New York? Probably, as he was an optimist, that time would bring about some desirable changes."

Mr. Augustine Birrell has lately been elected to an honorary fellowship of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He entered the University in 1869, and graduated with honours in the law tripos of 1872. Mr. Birrell is a man with serious political and literary ideals, and he probably groans under the consciousness that whenever he speaks he is expected to be funny. His oration on "The Ideal University," delivered at University College last summer, has now been printed and issued by the University College Union Society. Here are some of the points:

Though Shakespeare was not a professor, he occasionally said a thing worth repeating.

An ideal patron is, perhaps, a contradiction in terms.

I remember how on two or three occasions (unfortunately there were no more), Professor Seeley did me the kindness of correcting, in my presence, effusions which I had written for his class. I was abashed, but it is when you are abashed that you learn. It was the only teaching of the kind that I got at Cambridge.

If ever there was a theatre for academical actors, it is London. If ever there was a people and an age that needed the higher education, we are that people and we live in that age.

MR. BIRRELL.

The April *Scribner's* will contain a story by Dr. Henry van Dyke, which, if we mistake not, will astonish even his warmest admirers. We had the pleasure of listening to Dr. van Dyke the other evening when he read this story, by permission of the publishers of the magazine, to the members and guests of a women's

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club in New Jersey. Familiar as we are with the writings of this popular author, we do not remember reading anything he has written that ever impressed us so strongly and touched us so deeply as "A Lover of Music"—so the story is called. It unfolds with a shy, elusive beauty, a quiet humour and simplicity the hidden life of a poor, untutored French-Canadian who has wandered down amid the snows of winter from Quebec, into a rough outpost in the Adirondacks, frequented only by sportsmen. There has been a tragedy in his life, and his one all-absorbing passion for his violin has been the cause of it. The *motif* of the story is skilfully wrought out with fine imaginative insight and fidelity to the type. But it is as impossible to describe the undefinable quality which gives the tale its charm, as it would have been for this "Lover of Music" to have told you what a nocturne of Chopin was; although he could transport you with it beyond the grinding commonplace of life. Mr. Appleton Clark has drawn some beautiful illustrations for Dr. van Dyke's story.

A READER'S LAMENT

I cannot read the old books
  I read long years ago;
Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray,
  Bulwer and Scott and Poe.
Marryat's yarns of sailor life,
  And Hugo's tales of crime;—
I cannot read the old books,
  Because I haven't time.

I love the dear old stories,
  My thoughts to them will stray;
But still one must keep posted on
  The writers of to-day.
My desk is piled with latest books
  I'm striving to despatch;
But ere I've finished all of them,
  There'll be another batch.

Hope's new one isn't opened yet,
  I've not read James's last;
And Howells is so prolific now,
  And Crawford writes so fast.
Evelyn Innes I must skim,
  O'er *Helbeck* I must pore:
The Day's Work I'll enjoy, although
  I've read the tales before.

And then there is *The King's Jackal*,
  The Gadfly, *Caleb West*,
Silence, *The Forest Lovers*, and—
  I can't name all the rest.
I'll try to keep up with the times,
  But oh, I hope that I
May read my *David Copperfield*
  Once more before I die.

Carolyn Wells.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

To a season already remarkable for the quality of its plays another pleasing feature has been added by the production of one of the best of American dramas. However much we may enjoy the old masters (and this month has shown us *Wilhelm Tell* and *Tartuffe*), there remains a wholesome partiality for creation here and now. Therefore, keen and sometimes overwhelming as was the enthusiasm which Schiller and Molière gave me, the latest addition to the notable list of American war plays, *The Rev. Griffith Davenport* gives the welcome opportunity of talking mainly about the present. The group already comprising *Held by the Enemy*, *Shenandoah*, *Secret Service*, and *Nathan Hale*, is made much more valuable by its last recruit. Different in general spirit from all the rest, inferior in some theatrical elements to several, *The Rev. Griffith Davenport* is equalled in certain important qualities by none. The first-night audience deemed it rather slow, but a visit later in the week found the more typical assemblage pleased from end to end,—a frequent phenomenon in New York, where the first-nighters, nervous, occupied, jaded, thought *Catherine* the frostiest exhibition that ever struck the town, went into hysterics over *Zaza*, and are regularly comforted by such farces as the recent series at the Madison Square. Many of them, even the educated members, enjoy the coarse sensuality which is a specialty at the Manhattan more than any effects which have to be taken with leisure and the daintier sense. A highly civilised man who thought that *The Rev. Griffith Davenport* slightly dragged, has just made an unsuccessful attempt to get through what he now calls the prolixities of Thackeray.

It would be unfair, however, to take sides too eagerly with the average crowd against the habitual pleasure-seekers, when we remember that *The Christian* was received with less favour on the opening night than after it fell into the hands of the shop-keeping and hay-seed classes, and that *Trelawny of the Wells*, successful as it has been throughout its run, was enjoyed with keenest relish by the sophisticated first-nighters. Refined or philistine, however, the various dramatic successes of this year have been unequalled in number for many years, and some of the managers, not expecting a repetition of such luck immediately, look with satisfaction on the prospect that next season will be marked largely by visiting stars. If the country is occupied with the acting of Sarah Bernhardt, Sir Henry Irving, George Alexander's company, the Kendals, and possibly a new Italian tragedian, the drop in the number and quality of new plays will be less observed. It is, doubtless, well to have high standards of individual acting spread by the travelling star system, as it is well to see these actors in repertories containing great dramas; but, on the other hand, there have been good influences in the eagerness of managers to discover possibilities of success in new plays, and to court it with superior casts. If a new experience with the great Sarah might check the provincial willingness to hail Mrs. Carter as a new Bernhardt, it might also turn us back somewhat from our growing tendency in this city to demand a decent level for the whole company. Olga Nethersole is herself an artist of real, although perverse talents, and she has given us on succeeding weeks two such notable plays as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *La Dame aux Camellias;* but while the English drama received tolerable treatment, the French masterpiece was butchered by an unspeakable company beyond the limits of endurance. New York will allow a play to be disturbed by a star, but it is likely to rebel if the subordinate actors are much below mediocrity. An ideal combination will be seen for a week in the spring, when the most famous German tragedian will take his place in a company of high, even excellence.

Meantime, while the foreign luminaries are still far away, we may enjoy in peace a new drama of rare tenderness and refinement by a man who has earned a high place both as author and as actor. Mr. Herne's play has flaws, all growing out of his intellectual interests, which occasionally escape from

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drama into disquisition; but the same intellectual taste, when subdued to its theatrical purpose, gives the play its distinction. The first act has an impeding reminiscence, the second a superfluous argument on slavery, and the excellent speeches of the negroes are usually twice the length which they theatrically ought to be; but excepting these excrescences, and a few dubious uses of piety, the play is a gem,—original, literary, dramatic, calm, delicate, and moving. The young people with their inevitable comic relief are far less obtrusive than in the other war plays of the series, and the main plot is happily far removed from the interminable march toward wedding bells. The acting is all in one pace, set by the author-actor, of extreme deliberateness; but although this, added to an insistent Southern drawl, is sometimes clogging, it is done with such high excellence by Mr. and Mrs. Herne, and Mr. Fischer, that on the whole it assists the play.

The first scene shows a plantation, with a quarrel among the negroes, bringing out the contempt of the happy slaves of an amiable mistress for the despised free niggers, and also marking, with a trifle too much emphasis, divisions in the family, the father's sympathies being against the "inhuman traffic," the mother's in favour of the "peculiar institution," and one of the sons following each parent. "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing," says the minister, in the apocryphal words of Abraham Lincoln, "I will hit it hard." Just the proper contrast to the joyous life of the Davenport negroes is given by the episode of a slave escaped from a neighbouring plantation, captured before the audience by a brutal master; and an admirable suggestion of the intricate difficulties of the situation is made by the plea of a slave to Davenport to buy her husband, lest his master sell him far away, so that the preacher's hatred of such traffic finally bends enough to save one woman's happiness as the first curtain falls.

After an argument in the second act comes the splendid scene of the freeing of Mrs. Davenport's slaves, an inspiring piece of refined and varied dramatic art. Some of the negroes are indignant at being forced to be free niggers, some wholly dead to any meaning in the ceremony. One asks his mistress to take care of his manumission papers for him as he has no idea what to do with them, and one thinks freedom means sleeping later in the morning. A striking contrast is again neatly introduced by the suicide of an escaping slave and his master's cry, "There goes $1,500." By the end of the third act Davenport is forced by his neighbours, infuriated by the signs of Lincoln's election, to fly to Washington.

The fourth act is wholly made up of one scene, unsurpassed, as far as my experience goes, for high dramatic elements, in any American drama. It is the quiet, powerful workings of one moral situation, the working out of a law in visible terms, the resistance to the call of bitter duty and the final surrender. The Governor of Indiana wishes Davenport to lead the Army of the Potomac into Virginia. The Southern preacher's heart cannot hold such a thought. The Governor shows him the best map in the possession of the Northern government. Carried away by his interest the old man runs his finger over it, wondering at its faults, exclaiming that it would be a death-trap for any army to follow such a guide, showing minute intimacy with every stream and ridge. Brought back to the question by the Governor, he still refuses. He has seen McDowell's retreat. Will he let another slaughter be the result of his refusal? Will he lengthen out the war by months and years? He refuses. The Governor leaves a peremptory order, signed A. Lincoln, on the map, and departs. The old man sits and thinks. His wife enters, and hears the story from one of the sons. Surely he will not go, she thinks. Yes, he will. Then she will go back to her people in the South. Still he will go. The loving old husband closes the door, and the curtain falls on a scene that belongs to rare art.

The first half of the last act has the conventional element of a capture of the minister by his Confederate son, after the Union army has been saved by him, but the closing scene takes again the noble height of the preceding act. The husband and wife meet in the twilight, on the steps of the old plantation. They have had cruel differences, but as they talk together, and compare their impressions of Lincoln, they float back into the

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past, the pains are cured and their lives come together in a few words of exquisite delicacy. The end of the play is peace, high peace, like the end of the same dramatist's *Shore Acres*, but given with even more ease and charm. The author of *Margaret Fleming* has added one more to the plays in which his country has reason to rejoice.

Nobody who can understand German should fail to see *Wilhelm Tell*, as it has been played several times lately at the Irving Place Theatre, and is likely to be played at intervals. The company has added three valuable actors this year, and one of them, Eugen Schady, takes the title-role in Schiller's great tragedy in a manner that is simply magnificent. Nothing could be more quiet, dignified, and simple than his acting in the early parts, where the mountaineer is happy with his mountains and his children, hardly anything more true and stirring than the storm of sorrow, bewilderment, fear, and rage through which he passes in the principal climax. The rest of the company rise to Schiller's heights, and I doubt whether in many years I have seen so great a play so satisfactorily acted. Only the last scene, the shooting of Gessler, was a failure, because stage mechanism has not advanced on Irving Place to a point at which such a picture can be made impressive, as it might be in English companies, which, in the more essential parts of the performance, would fall indefinitely below the German. *Norman Hapgood.*

MARCH MOODS

The winds rage over the sullen land,
  The tide creeps up from the sea
In a cold grey shiver of stifled woe,
  Clutching the sands of the lea;
A gull, far out, veers tiredly,
  Beating now wind, now spray,
And a brown blown sail is baffling the gale,
  Wresting its homeward way.

Beat over me, O angry sea,
  And, winds in your grey domed arch,
I feel your wrath, for I tread your path—
  I am a child of March!

The temple of the winds is hushed,
  The thunder of the oracle is spent,
And from his mouth the warm sweet South
  With wooing prophecies is sent;
She wakens to a first, faint, glad surprise
  Each dull, brown, dreaming woodland thing,
And on each blade and sheath and bough
  Quivers the miracle of Spring.

O winds that woo my soul unto
  The hidden rapture of the budding larch,
I pierce with you the brown sheath through—
  I am a child of March!

Regina Armstrong.

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JANICE MEREDITH*

A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

I.

A HEROINE OF MANY POSSIBILITIES.

"Alonzo now once more found himself upon an element that had twice proved destructive to his happiness, but Neptune was propitious, and with gentle breezes wafted him toward his haven of bliss, toward Amaryllis. Alas, when but one day from happiness, a Moorish zebec——"

"Janice!" called a voice.

The effect on the reader and her listener, both of whom were sitting on the floor, was instantaneous. Each started and sat rigidly intent for a moment; then as the sound of approaching footsteps became audible, one girl hastily slipped a little volume under the counterpane of the bed, while the other sprang to her feet, and in a hurried, flustered way, pretended to be getting something out of a tall wardrobe.

Before the one who hid the book had time to rise a woman of fifty entered the room, and after a glance, cried:

"Janice Meredith! How often have I told you that it is ungenteel for a female to repose on the floor!"

"Very often, mommy," said Janice, rising meekly, meantime casting a quick glance at the bed, to see how far its smoothness had been disturbed.

"And still you continue such unbecoming and vastly indelicate behavior."

"Oh, mommy, but it is so nice!" cried the girl. "Didn't you like to sit on the floor when you were sixteen?"

"Janice, you get more careless every day in bed-making," ejaculated Mrs. Meredith, making a sudden dive toward the bed, as if she desired to escape the question. She smoothed the gay patchwork quilt, seemed to feel something underneath, and the next moment pulled out the hidden volume, which was bound, as the bookseller's advertisements phrased it, in "half calf neat, marbled sides." One stern glance she gave the two red-faced culprits, and, opening the book, read out in a voice that was in itself an impeachment, *"The Adventures of Alonzo and Amaryllis!"*

There was an instant's silence, full of omen to the culprits, and then Mrs. Meredith's wrath found vent.

"Janice Meredith!" she cried. "On a Sabbath morning, when you should be dressing for church! And you, Tabitha Drinker!"

"It's all my fault, Mrs. Meredith," hurriedly asserted Tabitha. "I brought the book with me from Trenton, and 'twas I suggested that we go on reading this morning."

"Six hours of spinet practice you shall have to-morrow, miss," announced Mrs. Meredith to her daughter, "and this afternoon you shall say over the whole catechism. As for you, Tabitha, I shall feel it my duty to write your father of his daughter's conduct. Now, hurry and dress for church." And Mrs. Meredith started to leave the room.

"Oh, mommy," cried Janice, springing forward and laying a detaining hand on her mother's arm in an imploring manner. "Punish me as much as you please—I know I was very, very wicked—but don't take the book away! He and Amaryllis were just——"

"Not another sight shall you have of it, miss. My daughter reading novels, indeed!" and Mrs. Meredith departed, holding the evil book gingerly between her fingers, much as one might carry something that was likely to soil one's hands.

The two girls looked at each other,

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Tabitha with a woebegone expression and Janice with an odd one, which might mean many things. The flushed cheeks were perhaps due to guilt, but the tightly clinched little fists were certainly due to anger, and, noting these two only, one would have safely affirmed that Janice Meredith, meekly as she had taken her mother's scolding, had a quick and hot temper. But the eyes were fairly starry with some emotion, certainly not anger, and though the lips were pressed tightly together, the feeling that had set them so rigidly was but a passing one, for suddenly the corners twitched, the straight lines bent into curves, and flinging herself upon the tall four-poster bedstead, Miss Meredith laughed as only sixteen can laugh.

"Oh, Tibbie, Tibbie," she presently managed to articulate, "if you look like that I shall die," and as the god of Momus once more seized her, she dragged the quilt into a rumpled pile, and buried her head in it, as if indeed attempting to suffocate herself.

"But, Janice, to think that we shall never know how it ended! I couldn't sleep last night for hours, because I was so afraid that Amaryllis wouldn't—and we should have finished it in another day."

"And a proper punishment for naughty Tibbie Drinker it is," declared Miss Meredith, sitting up and assuming a judicially severe manner. "What do you mean, miss, by tempting good little Janice Meredith into reading a wicked romance on Sunday?"

"'Good little Janice!'" cried Tibbie contemptuously. "I could slap thee for that." But instead she threw her arms about Janice's neck and kissed her with such rapture and energy as to overbalance the judge from an upright position and the two rolled over upon the bed laughing with anything but discretion, considering the nearness of their mentor. As a result a voice from a distance called:

"Janice!"

"O gemini!" cried the owner of that name, springing off the bed, and beginning to unfasten her gown; an example promptly followed by her room-mate.

"Are you dressing, child?" called the voice, after a pause.

"Yes, mommy," answered Janice. Then she turned to her friend and asked, "Shall I wear my light chintz and kenton kerchief, or my purple and white striped Persian?"

"Sufficiently smart for a country lass, Jan," cried her friend.

"Don't call me country bred, Tibbie Drinker, just because you are a modish city girl."

"And why not thy blue shalloon?"

"'Tis vastly unbecoming."

"Janice Meredith! Can't thee let the men alone?"

"I will when they will," laughed the girl.

"Do unto others——" quoted Tabitha.

"Then I will when thee sets me an example," retorted Janice, making a deep curtesy; the absence of drapery and bodice revealing the straightness and suppleness of the slender rounded figure, which still had as much of the child as of the woman in its lines.

"Little thought they get from me," cried Tabitha, with a toss of her head.

"'Tell me where is fancy bred,
In the heart or in the head?'"

hummed Janice. "Of course, one doesn't think about men, Mistress Tabitha. One feels"—which remark showed perception of a feminine truth far in advance of Miss Meredith's years.

"Unfeeling Janice!"

"'Tis a good thing for the oafs and plowboys of Brunswick. For there are none better."

"Philemon Hennion?"

"'Your servant, marms,'" mimicked Janice, catching up a hair brush and taking it from her head as if it were a hat, while making a bow with her feet widely spread. "'Having nothing better to do, I've made bold ter come over ter drink a dish of tea with you.'" The girl put the brush under her arm, still further spread her feet, put her hands behind some pretended coat-tails, let the brush slip from under her arms, so that it fell to the floor with a racket, stooped with an affectation of clumsiness which seemed impossible to the lithe figure, while mumbling something inarticulate in an apparent paroxysm of embarrassment — which quickly became a genuine inability to speak from laughter.

"Janice, thee should turn actress."

"Oh, Tibbie, lace my bodice quickly, or I shall burst of laughing," breathlessly begged the girl.

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"Janice," said her mother, entering, "how often have I told you that giggling is missish? Stop, this moment."

"Yes, mommy," gasped Janice. Then she added, after a shriek and a wriggle, "Don't, Tabitha!"

"What ails thee now, child? Art going to have an attack of the megrins?"

"When Tibbie laces me up she always tickles me, because she knows I'm dreadfully ticklish."

"I can't ever make the edges of the bodice meet, so I tickle to make her squirm," explained Miss Drinker.

"Go on with thy own dressing, Tabitha," said Mrs. Meredith, taking the strings from her hand. "Now breathe out, Janice."

Miss Meredith drew a long breath, and then expelled it, instant advantage being taken by her mother to strain the strings. "Again," she ordered, holding all that had been gained, and the operation was repeated, this time the edges of the frock meeting across the back.

"It hurts," complained the owner of the waist, panting, while the upper part of her bust rose and fell rapidly in an attempt to make up for the crushing of the lower lungs.

"I lose all patience with you, Janice," cried her mother. "Here when you've a waist that would be the envy of any York woman, for you to object to clothes made to set it off to a proper advantage."

"It hurts all the same," reiterated Janice, "and last year I could beat Jacky Whitehead, but now when I wear my new frocks I can't run at all."

"I should hope not!" exclaimed her mother. "A female of sixteen run with a boy, indeed! The very idea is indelicate. Now, as soon as you have put on your slippers and goloe-shoes, go to your father, who has been told of your misbehavior, and who will reprove you for it." And with this last damper on the "lightness of young people," as Mrs. Meredith phrased it, she once more left the room. It is a regrettable fact that Miss Janice, who had looked the picture of woe as her mother spoke, made a mouth, which was far from respectful, at the departing figure.

"Oh, Janice," said Tabitha, "will he be very severe?"

"Severe?" laughed Janice. "If dear dadda is really angry, I'll let tears come into my eyes, and then he'll say he's sorry he hurt my feelings, and kiss me; and if he's only doing it to please mommy, I'll let my eyes shine, and then he'll laugh and tell me to kiss him. Oh, Tibbie, what a nice time we could have if women were only as easy to manage as men!" With this parting regret, Miss Meredith sallied forth to receive the expected reproof.

The lecture or kiss received—and a sight of Miss Meredith would have led the casual observer to opine that the latter was the form of reproof adopted—the two girls mounted into the big, lumbering coach along with their elders, and were jolted and shaken over the four miles of ill-made road that separated Greenwood, the "seat," as the New York *Mercury* termed it, of the Honourable Lambert Meredith, from the village of Brunswick, N. J. Either this shaking, or something else, put the two girls in a mood quite unbefitting the day, for in the moment they tarried outside the church while the coach was being placed in the shed, Miss Drinker's face was frowning, and once again Miss Meredith's nails were dug deep into the little palms of her hands.

"Yes," Janice whispered. "She put it in the fire. Dadda saw her."

"And we'll never know if Amaryllis explained that she had always loved him," groaned Tabitha.

"If ever I get the chance!" remarked Janice, suggestively.

"Oh, Jan!" cried Tabitha, ecstatically. "Wouldn't it be delightsome to be loved by a peasant, and to find he was a prince and that he had disguised himself to test your love."

"'Twould be better fun to know he was a prince and torture him by pretending you didn't care for him," replied Janice. "Men are so teasable."

"There's Philemon Hennion doffing his hat to us, Jan."

"The great big gawk!" exclaimed Janice. "Does he want another dish of tea?" A question which set both girls laughing.

"Janice! Tabitha!" rebuked Mrs. Meredith. "Don't be flippant on the Sabbath." The two faces became demure, and filing into the Presbyterian meeting-

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house, both young ladies gave strict heed to a sermon of the Rev. Alexander McClave, which was later issued from the press of Isaac Collins, at Burlington, under the title of:

The Doleful State of the Damned, Especially such as go to Hell from under the Gospel.

II.

THE PRINCE FROM OVER THE SEAS.

ACROSS the water sounded the bells of Christ Church as the anchor of the brig Boscawen, ninety days out from Cork Harbour, fell with a splash into the Delaware River in the fifteenth year of the reign of George III., and of grace, 1774. To those on board, the chimes brought the first intimation that it was Sunday, for three months at sea with nothing to mark one day from another deranges the calendar of all but the most heedful. Among the uncouth and ill-garbed crowd that pressed against the waist-boards of the brig, looking with curious eyes toward Philadelphia, several, as the sound of the bells was heard, might have been observed to cross themselves, while one or two of the women began to tell their beads, praying perhaps that the breadth of the just crossed Atlantic lay between them and the privation and want which had forced immigration upon them, but more likely giving thanks that the dangers and suffering of the voyage were over.

Scarcely had the anchor splashed, and before the circling ripples it started had spread a hundred feet, when a small boat put off from one of the wharfs lining the water front of the city, with the newly arrived ship as an evident destination; and the brig had barely swung to the current when the hoarse voice of the mate was heard ordering the ladder over the side. The preparation to receive the boat drew the attention of the crowd, and they stared at its occupants with an intentness which implied some deeper interest than mere curiosity; low words were exchanged, and some of the poor frightened creatures seemed to take on a greater cringe.

Seated in the sternsheets of the approaching boat was a plainly dressed man, whose appearance so bespoke the mercantile class that it hardly needed the doffing of the captain's cap and his obsequious "Your servant, Mr. Cauldwell, and good health to you," as the man clambered on board, to announce the owner of the ship. To the emigrants this sudden deference was a revelation concerning the cruel and oath-using tyrant at whose mercy they had been during the weary weeks at sea.

"A long voyage you've made of it, Captain Caine," said the merchant.

"Ay, sir," answered the captain. "Another ten days would have put us short of water, and——"

"But not of rum? Eh?" interrupted Cauldwell.

"As for that," replied the captain, "there's a bottle or two that's rolled itself till 'tis cruelty not to drink it, and if you'll test a noggin in the cabin while taking a look at the manifests——"

"Well answered," cried the merchant, adding, "I see you set deep."

"Ay," said the captain as they went toward the companionway; "too deep for speed or safety, but the factors care little for sailors' lives."

"And a deep ship makes a deep purse."

"Or a deep grave."

"Wouldst die ashore, man?"

"God forbid!" ejaculated the captain in a frightened voice. "I've had my share of ill-luck without lying in the cold ground. The very thought goes through me like a dash of spray in a winter v'y'ge." He stamped with his foot and roared out, "Forrard there: Two glasses and a dipper from the rundlet," at the same time opening a locker and taking therefrom a squat bottle. "'Tis enough to make a man bowse himself kissing black Betty to think of being under ground." He held the black bottle firmly, as if it were in fact a sailor's life preserver from such a fate, and hastened, so soon as the cabin-boy appeared with the glasses and dipper, to mix two glasses of rum and water. Setting these on the table, he took from the locker a bundle of papers, and handed it to the merchant.

Twenty minutes were spent on the clearances and manifests, and then Mr. Cauldwell opened yet another paper.

"Sixty-two in all," he said, with a certain satisfaction in his voice.

"Sixty-three," corrected the captain.

"Not by the list," denied the merchant.

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"Sixty-two from Cork Harbour, but we took one aboard ship at Bristol," explained the captain.

"You must pack them close between decks."

"Ay. The shoats in the long boat had more room. Mr. Bull-dog would none of it, but slept on deck the whole v'y'ge."

"Mr. Bull-dog?" queried Cauldwell.

"The one your factor shipped at Bristol," explained Caine, and running over the bundle, he spread before the merchant the following paper:

"This Indenture, Made the Tenth Day of March in the fifteenth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the third King of Great Britain, etc. And in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and seventy-four, Between Charles Fownes of Bath in the County of Somerset Labourer of the one Part, and Frederick Caine of Bristol Mariner of the other part Witnesseth That the said Charles Fownes for the Consideration hereinafter mentioned, hath, and by these Presents doth Covenant, Grant and Agree to, and with the said Frederick Caine, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, That the said Charles Fownes shall and will, as a Faithful Covenant Servant, well and truly serve Fred. Caine his Executors, Administrators or Assigns, in the Plantations of Pennsylvania and New Jersey beyond the Seas, for the space of five years next ensuing the Arrival in the said Plantation, in the Employment of a servant. And the said Charles Fownes doth hereby Covenant and declare himself, now to be of the age of Twenty Years and no Covenant or Contract Servant to any Person or Persons. And the said Frederick Caine for himself his Executors, and Assigns, in Consideration thereof do hereby Covenant, Promise and Agree to and with the said Charles Fownes his Executors and Administrators, that he the said Frederick Caine his Executors, Administrators or Assigns, shall and will at his or their own proper Cost and Charges, with what Convenient Speed they may, carry and convey or cause to be carried and conveyed over unto the said Plantation, the said CharlesFownes and also during the said Term, shall and will at the like Cost and Charges, provide and allow the said Charles Fownes all necessary Cloaths, Meat, Drink, Washing, and Lodging, and Fitting and Convenient for him as Covenant Servants in such Cases are usually provided for and allowed. And for the true Performance of the Premises, the said Parties to these Presents, bind themselves, their Executors and Administrators, the either to the other, in the Penal Sum of Thirty Pounds Sterling, by these Presents. In Witness whereof they have hereunto interchangeably set their Hands and Seals, the Day and Year above written.

The mark of
CHARLES × FOWNES [Seal.]
Sealed and delivered
in the Presence of
J. PATTISON, C. CAPON.

These are to certify that the above-named Charles Fownes came before me Thomas Pattison Deputy to the Patentee at Bristol the Day and Year above written, and declared himself to be no Convenant nor Contracted Servant to any Person or Persons, to be of the Age of twenty Years, not kidnapped nor enticed, but desirous to serve the above-named or his assigns, five Years, according to the Tenor of his Indenture above written. All of which is Registered in the office for that Purpose appointed by the Letters Patents. In witness whereof I have affixed the common Seal of the said office.

THOMAS PATTISON, D. P.

"And why Mr. Bull-dog?" asked Cauldwell, after a glance at the paper.

"By the airs he takes. Odd's life! if we'd had the Duke of Cumberland aboard, he'd not have carried himself the stiffer. From the day we shipped him, not so much as a word has he passed with one of us, save to threat Mr. Higgins' life, when he knocked him down with a belaying pin for his da—for his impertinence. And he nothing but an indentured servant, not able to write his name and like as not with a sheriff at his heels." The captain's sudden volubility could mean either dislike or mere curiosity.

"Dost think he's of the wrong color?" asked the merchant, looking with more interest at the covenant.

"'Tis the dev—'tis beyond me to say what he is. A good man at the ropes, but a da—a Dutchman for company. 'Twixt he, and the bog-trotters we shipped at Cork Harbour, 'twas the dev—'twas the scuttiest lot I ever took aboard ship." The rum was getting into the captain's tongue, and making his usual vocabulary difficult to keep under.

"Have you no artisans among the Irish?"

"Not so much as one who knows the differ between his two hands."

"'Tis too bad of Gorman not to pick better," growled the merchant. "There's a great demand for Western settlers, and Mr. Meredith writes me to pick him up a good man at horses and gardening, without stinting the price. 'Twould be something to me to oblige him."

"'Tis a parcel or raw teagues except for the Bristol man."

"And you think he's of the light-fingered gentry?"

"As for that," said the captain, "I know nothing about him. But he came

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to your factor and wanted to take the first ship that cleared, and seemed in such a mortal pother that Mr. Horsley suspicioned something, and gave me a slant to look out for him. And all the time we lay off Bristol, my fine fellow kept himself well out of sight."

"Come," said the merchant, rising, "we'll have a look at him. Mr. Meredith is not a man to be disappointed if it can be avoided."

Once on deck the captain led the way to the forepart of the ship, where, standing by himself, and, like the other emigrants, looking over the rail, but, unlike them, looking not at the city, but at the water, stood a fellow of a little over medium height, with broad shoulders and a well-shaped back, despite the ill form his coat tried to give it. At a slap on the shoulder he turned about, showing to the merchant a ruddy, sea-tanned skin, light brown hair, gray eyes, and a chin and mouth hidden by a two months' beard, still too bristly to give him other than an unkempt, boorish look.

"Here's the rogue," said the captain, with a suggestion of challenge in the speech, as if he would like to have the epithet resented. But the man only regarded the officer with steady, inexpressive eyes.

"Now, my good fellow," asked the merchant, "what kind of work are you used to?"

The steady grey eyes were turned deliberately from the captain, until the questioner was within their vision. Then, after a moment's scrutiny of his face, they were slowly dropped so as to take in the merchant from head to foot. Finally they came back to the face again, and once more studied it with intentness, though apparently without the slightest interest.

"Come," said the merchant a little heatedly, and flushing at the man's coolness. "Answer me. Are you used to horses and gardening?"

"None of your damned impertinence!" roared the captain, catching up the free part of a halyard coiled on the deck, "or I'll give you a taste of the rope's end."

The young fellow turned in sudden passion, which strangely altered him. "Strike me at your peril!" he challenged, his arm drawn back, and fist clinched for a blow.

"None but a jail-bird would be so afraid of telling about himself," cried the captain, though ceasing to threaten. "The best thing you can do will be to turn the cursed son of a sea cook over to the authorities, Mr. Cauldwell."

"Look you, my man," warned the merchant, "you only bring suspicion on yourself by such conduct, and you know best how far you want to have your past investigated——"

The man interrupted the merchant.

"Ar baint much usen to gardening nor——" he hesitated for a moment and then went on, "but ar bai willin' to work."

"Ay," bawled the captain. "Fear of the courts has made him find his tongue."

"Well," remarked the merchant, "it's not for my interest to look too closely at a man I have for sale." Then, as he walked away with the captain, he continued: "Many a convict or fugitive has come to the straightabout out here, but hang me if I like his looks or his manner. However, Mr. Meredith knows the pot-luck of redemptioners as well as I, and he can say nay if he chooses." He stopped and eyed the group of emigrants sourly, saying, "I'll let Gorman hear what I think of his shipment. He knows I don't want mere bog cattle."

"'Tis a poor consignment that can't be bettered in the advertisement," comforted the captain, and apparently he spoke truly, for in the Pennsylvania *Gazette* of September 7th appeared the following:

Just arrived on board the brig Boscawen, Alexander Caine, Master, from Ireland, a number of likely, healthy men and women Servants; among whom are Taylors, Barbers, Joiners, Weavers, Shoemakers, Sewers, Labourers, etc., etc., whose indentures are to be disposed of by Cauldwell & Wilson, or the master on board the Vessels off Market Street Wharff—Said Cauldwell & Wilson will give the highest prices for good Pot-Ashes and Bees-Wax.

III.

MISS MEREDITH DISCOVERS A VILLAIN.

BREAKFAST at Greenwood was a pleasant meal at a pleasant hour. For some time previous to it, the family were up and doing, Mr. Meredith riding over his farm directing his labourers, Mrs. Meredith giving a like supervision to her

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housekeeping, and Janice, attired in a wash dress well covered by a vast apron, with the aid of her guest, making the beds, tidying the parlour, and not unlikely mixing cake or some dessert in the kitchen. Before the meal, Mr. Meredith replaced his rough riding coat by one of broadcloth, with lace ruffles, while the working gowns of the ladies were discarded for others of silk, made, in the parlance of the time, "sack" fashion, or without waist, and termed "an elegant negligée"—this word being applied to any frock without lacing strings.

Thus clothed, they gathered at seven o'clock in the pleasant, low-ceiled dining-room, whose French windows, facing westward, gave glimpses of the Raritan over fields of stubble and cornstacks, broken by patches of timber and orchard. On the table stood a tea service of silver, slender in outline, and curiously light in weight, though generous in capacity. Otherwise, a silver tankard for beer, standing at Mr. Meredith's place beside a stone jug filled with home brew, balanced by another jug filled with buttermilk, was all that tended to decoration, the knives and forks being of steel, and the china simplicity itself. For the edibles, a couple of smoked herring, a comb of honey and a bunch of watercress, re-enforced after the family had taken their seats by a form of smoking cornbread, was the simple fare set forth. But the early rising, and two hours of work, brought hunger to the table which required nothing more elaborate as a fillip to tempt the appetite.

While the family still lingered over the meal one warm September morning, as if loth to make further exertion in the growing heat, the sound of a knocker was heard, and a moment later the colored maid returned and announced:

"Marse Hennion want see Marse Meredith."

"Bring him in here," said Mr. Meredith. "Like as not the lad's not breakfasted."

Janice hunched her shoulders and remarked, "Never fear that Master Hennion is not hungry. He is like the roaring lion, who 'walketh about seeking whom he may devour.'"

"Black shame on you, Janice Meredith, for applying the Holy Word to carnal things," cried her mother.

"Then let me read novels," muttered Miss Meredith, but so indistinctly as not to be understood.

"Be still, child!" commanded her mother.

"And listen to Philemon glub-glubbing over his victuals?"

"Philemon is no pig," declared Mrs. Meredith.

"No," assented Janice. "He's too old for that"—a remark which set Mr. Meredith off into an uproarious haw-haw.

"Lambert," protested his wife, "I get out of patience with you for encouraging this stiff-necked and wayward girl, when she should be thankful that Providence has made one man who wants so saucy a Miss Prat-a-pace for a wife."

Miss Meredith, evidently encouraged by her father's humour, made a mouth, and droned in a sing-song voice: "'What doth every sin deserve? Every sin deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come.'" Such a desecration of the Westminster Assembly of Divines's *Shorter Catechism* would doubtless have produced further and severer reproof from Mrs. Meredith, had not the clump of heavy boots, followed by the entrance of an over-tall, loosely-built fellow of two or three and twenty, whose clothes rather hung about than fitted him, prevented the censure.

"Your servant, marms," was his greeting, as he struggled to make a bow. "Your servant, squire. Mr. Hitchins, down ter Trenton, where I went yestere'en with a bale of shearings, asked me ter come around your way with a letter and a bond servant that come ter him on a hay-sloop from Philadelphia. So——"

"Having nothing better to do, you came?" interrupted Janice, with a gravely courteous manner.

"That's it, Miss Janice; I'm obleeged ter you for saying it better nor I could," said the young fellow, gratefully, while manifestly straining to get a letter from his pocket.

"Hast breakfasted, Phil?" asked the squire.

Producing the letter with terrible effort, and handing it to Mr. Meredith, Hennion began, "As for that——"

Here Janice interrupted by saying,

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"You breakfasted in Trenton—what a pity!"

"Janice!" snapped her mother, warningly. "Get a chair for Philemon this instant."

That individual tried to help the girl, but he was not quick enough, except to get awkwardly in the way, and bring his shins in sharp contact with the edge of the chair. Uttering an exclamation of pain, he dropped his hat; a proceeding that set the two girls off into ill-suppressed giggles. But finally relieved of his tormenting head-gear, he was safely seated, and Janice set the dishes in front of him, from all of which he helped himself liberally. Meanwhile, the squire broke the seal of the letter and began to read it.

"Wilt have tea or home brew?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"Beer for me, marm, thank you. And I think it only right ter say I've hearn talk concerning your tea drinking."

"Let 'em talk," muttered the squire, angrily, looking up from the letter. "'Tis nothing to me."

"But Joe Bagby says there's a scheme ter have the committee of Brunswick township take it up."

"Not they," fumed Mr. Meredith. "'Tis one thing to write anonymous letters, but quite another matter to stand up and be counted. As for Joe——"

"Anonymous letters?" questioned Philemon.

"Ay," sputtered the squire, taking from his pocket a paper, which he at once crushed into a ball, and then as promptly smoothed out again as a preliminary to handing it to the youth. With difficulty, for the writing was bad, and the paper old and dirty, Philemon read out the following:

MISTER MURIDITH—Noing that agenst the centyments of younited Amurika you still kontinyou to youse tea, thairfor, this is to worn you that we konsider you as an enemy of our kentry, and if the same praktises are kontinued, you will shortly receeve a visit from the kommitty of

TAR AND FETHERS,
Brunswick Township.

"The villains!" cried Janice, flushing. "Who can have dared to send it?"

"One of my tenants, like as not," snapped the squire.

"They'd never dare," asserted Janice.

"Dare!" cried the squire. "What daring does it take to write unsigned letters, and nail 'em at night on a door? They get more lawless every day, with their committees and town meetings and mobs. 'Tis next to impossible to make 'em pay their rents now, and to hear 'em talk ye'd conclude that they owned their farms and could not be turned off. A pretty state of things when a man with twenty thousand acres under leaseholds has to beg for his rentals, and then doesn't get 'em."

"You'd find it easier ter git your rents, squire, if you only sided more with folks, and wan't so stiff," suggested the youth. "A little yielding now and then——"

"Never!" roared Mr. Meredith. "I'll have no Committee of Correspondence, nor Sons of Liberty, nor Town Meeting telling me what I may do or not do at Greenwood, any more than I let the ragtag and bobtail tell me what I was to buy in '69. Till I say nay, tea is drunk at Greenwood," and the squire's fist came down on the table with a bang.

"Folks say that Congress will shut up the ports," said the young man.

"Ay. And British frigates shall open them. The people are mad, sir, Bedlam mad, with the idea of liberty, as they call it. Liberty, indeed! when they try to say what a man shall do in his own house; what he shall eat; what he shall wear. And this Congress! We, A and B, elect C to say what the rest of the alphabet shall do, under penalty of tar and feathers, burned ricks, or—don't talk to me, sir, of a Congress. 'Tis but an attempt of the mobility to override the nobility of this land, sir." Once again the plates rattled on the table from the squire's fist, and it became evident that if Miss Meredith had a temper it came by inheritance.

"Now, Lambert," interposed his wife, "stop banging the table and getting hot about nothing. Remember how you had the colonies ruined in Stamp Act times, and again during the Association, and you see it all went over, just as this will. Pour your father another tankard of small beer, Janice."

Clearly, what the Committee of Correspondence, and even the approaching Congress could not do, Mrs. Meredith could, for the squire settled back quietly into his chair, took a long swallow of beer, and resumed his letter.

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"What does Mr. Cauldwell say, dadda?" inquired the daughter.

"Hmm," said Mr. Meredith. "That he sends me the likeliest one from his last shipment. What sort of fellow is he, Phil?"

Hennion paused to swallow an overlarge mouthful, which almost produced a choking fit, before he could reply. "He hasn't a civil word about him, squire—a regular sullen dog."

"Cauldwell writes guardedly, saying it was the best he could do. Where d'ye leave him, lad?"

"Outside, in my wagon."

"Peg, tell him to come in. We'll have a look at——" Mr. Meredith consulted the covenant inclosed and read "Charles Fownes, heigh?"

A moment later, preceded by the maid, Fownes entered. He took a quick, almost furtive, survey of the room, then glanced in succession at each of those seated about the table, till his eyes rested on Janice. There they fixed themselves in a bold, unconcealed scrutiny, to the no small embarrassment of the maiden, though the man himself stood in an easy, unconstrained attitude, quite unheeding the five pairs of eyes staring at him, or, if conscious, entirely unembarrassed by them.

"Well, Charles, Mr. Cauldwell writes me that ye don't know much about horses or gardening, but he thinks ye can pick it up quickly."

Still keeping his eyes on Miss Meredith, Fownes nodded his head, with a short, quick jerk, far from respectful.

"But he also says ye are a surly, hot-tempered fellow, who may need a touch of the whip now and again."

Without turning his head, a second time the man gave a jerk of it, conveying an idea of assent, but it was the assent of contempt far more than of accord.

"Come, come," ordered the squire testily. "Let's have a sound of your tongue. Is Mr. Cauldwell right?"

Still without looking at Mr. Meredith, the man shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "Baint vor the loikes of ar to zay Mister Cauldwell bai a liar." Yet the voice and manner left little doubt in the hearers as to the speaker's private opinion, and Janice laughed partly at the implication, and partly in nervousness.

"What kind of work are ye used to?" asked Mr. Meredith.

The man hesitated for a moment and then muttered crossly, "Ar indentured vor to work, not to bai questioned."

"Then work ye shall have," cried the squire, hotly. "Peg, show him the stables, and tell Tom——"

"One moment, Lambert," interjected his wife, and then she asked, "Have you had any breakfast, Charles?"

Fownes shook his head sullenly.

"Take him to the kitchen and give him some at once, Peg," ordered Mrs. Meredith.

For the first time the fellow looked away from Janice, fixing his eyes on Mrs. Meredith. Then he bowed easily and gracefully, saying, "Thank you." Apparently unconscious that for a moment he had left the Somerset burr off his tongue, and the rustic pretense from his manner, he followed Peg to the kitchen.

If he were unconscious of the slip, it was more than were his auditors, and for a moment they all exchanged glances in silent bewilderment.

"Humph!" finally growled the squire. "I like the look of him still less."

"He holds himself like a gentleman," asserted Tabitha.

"This fellow will need close watching," predicted Mr. Meredith. "He's no yokel. He moves like a gentleman or a house servant. Yet he had to make his mark on the covenant."

"I think, dadda," said Miss Meredith, in her most calmly judicial manner, "that the new man is a born villain, and has committed some terrible crime. He has a horrid, wicked face, and he stares just as—as—so that one wants to shiver."

Mrs. Meredith rose. "Janice," she chided, "you are too young to make your opinions of the slightest value. Go to your spinet, child, and don't let me hear any more such foolish babble. Charles has a good face, and will make a good servant."

"I don't care," Miss Meredith confided to Tabitha in the parlour, as the one took her seat at an embroidery frame and the other at the spinet. "I know he's a bad man, and will end by killing one of us and stealing the silver and a horse, just as Mr. Vreeland's bond-servant did. He makes me think

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of the villain in *The Tragic History of Sir Watkins Stokes.*"

IV.

AN APPLE OF DISCORD.

THE new servant was the cause of considerable discussion, and, regrettably, of not a little controversy, among the members of the household of Greenwood in the week following his advent. The squire maintained that "the fellow is a bad-tempered, lazy, deceitful rogue, in need of much watching." Mrs. Meredith, on the contrary, invariably praised the man, and promptly suppressed her husband whenever he began to rail against him. To Janice, with the violent prejudices of youth still unmodified by experience and reason, Charles was almost a special deputy of the individual she heard so unmercifully thrashed to tatters each Sunday by the Rev. Mr. McClave. And again, to the contrary, Tabitha insisted with growing fervour that the servant was a gentleman, possessed of all the qualities that word implied, plus the most desirable attribute of all others to eighteenth-century maidens, a romantic possibility.

As a matter of fact, these diverse and contradictory views had a crossing-point, and accepting this as their mean, Charles proved himself to be a knowing man with horses, an entirely ignorant and by no means eager labourer in the little farm work there was to do, a silent though easily angered being with every one save Mrs. Meredith, and so clearly above his station that he was viewed with disfavour, tinctured by not a little fear, by house servants, by field hands, and even by Mr. Meredith's overseer.

For the most part, Fownes spoke in the West of England dialect, but whenever he became interested, this instantly slipped from him, as did his still more ineffective attempt to move and act the rustic. Indeed, the ease of his movements and the straightness of his carriage, with a certain indefinable precision of manner, led to a common agreement among his fellow-labourers that he had earlier in life accepted the king's shilling. Granting him to be but twenty years of age, as his covenant stated, and as in fact he looked, his service must have been shorter that the act of Parliament allowed, and this seeming bar to their hypothesis caused many winks and shrugs over the tankards of ale consumed of an evening at the King George tavern in the village of Brunswick. Furthermore, for some months the deserter columns of such stray numbers of the London *Gazette* as occasionally drifted to the ordinary were eagerly scanned by the loungers, on the possibility that they might contain some advertisement of a fellow standing five feet ten, with broad shoulders, light brown hair, straight nose, and grey eyes, whose whereabout was of interest of His Majesty's War Office, Whitehall. Neither from this source, however, nor from any other, did they gain the slightest clew to the past history of the bond-servant, spy upon the fellow who would.

Nor was talk of the man limited to farm hands and tavern idlers, for dearth of new topics in the little community made him a subject of converse to the two girls during the hours of spinet practice, embroidery and sewing, which were their daily occupations between breakfast and dinner, and, even extended into the afternoon, if the stint was not completed. Yet all their discussion brought them no nearer to agreement, Janice maintaining that Fownes was a villain *in posse*, if not *in esse*, while Tabitha contended that Charles had been disappointed in a love that he still, none the less, cherished, and which to her mind accounted in every particular for his conduct. As such a theory allowed considerable scope to the imagination, she promptly created several romances about him, in all of which he was of noble birth, with such other desirable factors as made him a true hero; and having thus endowed him with a halo of romance, she could not find words strong enough to express her thorough-going contempt for the woman whose disregard and cruelty had driven him across the seas.

"Thee knows, Janice," she argued, when the latter expressed scepticism, "that the Earl of Anglesy was kidnapped, and sold in Maryland, so it's perfectly possible for a nobleman to be a bond-servant."

"That's the one case," said Janice, sagely.

"But things like it are very common in novels," insisted Tabitha. "And what

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is more likely for a man disappointed in love than, in desperation, to indenture himself?"

"I can easily credit a female of any taste—yes, any female—refusing the rogue," said Janice, giving the coarse osnaburg shirt she was working upon a fretted jerk; "but to suppose him to be capable of a grand, devoted passion is as bad as expecting—expecting faithfulness in a dog like Clarion."

"Clarion?" questioned Tabitha.

"Yes. Haven't you seen how—how—that he—the man, has taken possession of him? Thomas says the two sneak off together every chance they get, and sometimes aren't back till eleven or twelve. I wish dadda would put a stop to it. Like as not 'tis for pilfering they are bound." Miss Meredith began anew on the buttonhole, and had she been thrusting her needle into either man or dog, she could not have sewed with a more vicious vigour.

"That must be the way he got those rabbits for thy mother."

"I should know he had been a poacher," asserted Janice, as she contemptuously held up and surveyed at arms-length the completed shirt. Then she laid it aside with another, and sighed a weary, "Heigh-ho, those are done. Here I have to work my fingers to the bone making shirts for him, just because mommy says he hasn't enough clothes," a sentence which perhaps accounted for the maiden's somewhat jaundiced view of Charles.

"Are those for him?" cried Tabitha. "Why didst thou not tell me? I would have helped thee with them."

"You'd have been welcome to the whole job. As it is, I've done them so carelessly that I know mommy will scold me. But I wasn't going to work myself to death for him!"

"I should have loved—I like shirt-making," fibbed Tabitha.

"And I hate it! Forty-two have I made this year, and mommy has six more cut out."

There was a moment's silence, and then Tabitha said, "Janice." For some reason the name seemed to embarrass her, for the moment it was spoken she coloured.

"What?"

"Dost thee not think—perhaps—if we steal out and take the shirts to the stable, thy mother will never——?"

"Tibbie Drinker! Go out of the house in a sack? I'd as soon go out in my nightrail."

"Thee breakfasts in a negligée, even when Philemon is here," retorted Miss Drinker. "Wouldst as lief breakfast in thy shirt?"

"No," said Miss Janice, with a wicked sparkle in her eyes, "because if I did Philemon would come oftener than ever."

"Fie upon thee, Janice Meredith!" cried her friend, "for a froward, indelicate female."

"And why more indelicate than the men who'd come?" demanded Janice.

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of modesty is want of sense,"

quoted Miss Drinker.

"Rubbish!" scoffed Janice, but whether she was referring to the stanza of the reigning poet of the eighteenth century, or simply to Miss Tabitha's application of it, cannot be definitely known. "You know as well as I, Tibbie, that I'd rather have Philemon, or any other man, see me in my shroud than in my rail. Come, we'll change our frocks and take a walk."

A half hour later, newly clothed in light dimity gowns, cut short for walking, and which, in combination with slippers, then the invariable footgear of ladies of quality, served to display the "neatly-turned ankles" that the beaux of the period so greatly admired, the girls sallied forth. First a visit was paid to the stable, to smuggle the shirts from the criticism of Mrs. Meredith, as well as to entice Clarion's companionship for the walk. But Thomas, with a grumble, told them that Fownes had stolen away from the job that had been set for him after dinner, and that the hound had gone with him.

Their rambling walk brought the girls presently to the river, but just as they were about to force their way through the fringe of willows and underbrush which hid the water from view, a sudden loud splashing, telling of some one in swimming, gave them pause. Yelps of excitement from Clarion a moment later served to tell them who it probably was, and the probability was instantly

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confirmed by the voice of Charles, saying:

"'Tis sport, old man, is't not? To get the dirt and transpiration off one! S'death! What a climate! 'Twixt the sun and osnaburg and fustian my skin feels as if I'd been triced up and had a round hundred."

Exchanging glances, the girls stole softly back from the river, neither venturing to speak till out of hearing. As they retired they came upon a heap of coarse garments, and Tabitha, catching the arm of her friend, exclaimed:

"Oh, Jan, look!"

What had caught her eye was the end of a light gold chain that appeared among the clothes, and both girls halted and gazed at it as if it possessed some quality of fascination. Then Tabitha tiptoed forward, with but too obvious a purpose.

"Tibbie!" rebuked Janice, "you shouldn't!"

"Oh, but Jan!" protested Eve, junior. "'Tis such a chance!"

"Not for me," asserted Miss Meredith, proudly virtuous, as she walked on.

If Miss Drinker had searched for a twelve-month she could scarce have found a more provoking remark than her spontaneous exclamation, "Oh! How beautiful she is!"

Janice halted, though she had the moral stamina not to turn.

"What? The chain?" she asked.

"No! The miniature," responded her interlocutor, in a tone expressing the most unbounded admiration and delight. "Such an elegant creature, Jan, and such——"

Her speech ended there, as a crashing in the bushes alarmed her, and she darted past Janice, who, infected by the guilt of her companion, likewise broke into a run, which neither ceased till they had covered a goodly distance. Then Tabitha, for want of breath, came to a stop, and allowed her friend to overtake her.

She held up the chain and miniature in her hand. "What shall I do?" she panted.

"Tibbie, how could you!" ejaculated her horrified friend.

"His coming frighted me so that—oh, I didn't drop it!"

"You must take it back!"

"I'd never dare!"

"Black shame on——!"

"A nice creature, thou, Jan!" interrupted Miss Drinker, with a sudden carrying of the war into the enemy's camp. "To tell me to go back when he's sure to be dressing! No wonder thee makes indelicate speeches."

Miss Meredith, without deigning to reply to this shameful implication, walked away toward the house.

That Tibbie intended to shirk the consequences of her misdemeanor was only too clearly proved to Janice, when later she went to her room to prink for supper, for lying on her dressing stand was the miniature. Shocked as Miss Meredith was at the sight, she lifted and examined the trinket.

Bred in colonial simplicity, it seemed to the girl that she had never seen anything quite so exquisite. A gold case, richly set with brilliants, encompassed the portrait of a woman of very positive beauty. After a rapt dwelling on the portrait for some minutes, further examination revealed lettering on the back, "W. H. with love of J. B."

Taking the miniature, when her toilet had been perfected, Janice descended to the parlour. As she entered, Tabitha, already there, jumped up from a chair, in which, a moment previous, she had been carrying on a brown study that apparently was not enjoyable, and tripped nonchalantly across the room to the spinet. Seating herself, she struck the keys, and broke out into a song entitled, "Taste Life's Glad Moments as They Glide."

Not in the least deflected from her intention, Miss Meredith marched up to the culprit, the bondsman's property in her hand, and demanded, "Dost intend to turn thief?"

"Prithee, who's curious now?" evaded Tibbie. "I knew thee'd look at it for all thy airs."

"Very well, miss," threatened Janice, with much dignity. "Then I shall take it to him, and narrate to him all the circumstances."

"Tattle-tale, tattle-tale!" ejaculated Tabitha scornfully.

With even greater scorn her friend turned her back, and leaving the house, walked toward the stable. This took her through the old-fashioned, hedge-

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begirt kitchen garden, in which flowers were grown as if they were vegetables, and vegetables were grown as if they were flowers. The moment Janice had passed within the tall row of box, her expression of mingled haughtiness and determination ended; she came to a sudden halt, said "Oh!" and then pretended to be greatly interested in a butterfly. The bravest army can be stampeded by a surprise, and after having screwed her spirit up to the point of facing Fownes in his fortress, the stable, Miss Meredith's courage deserted her on almost stumbling over him a hundred yards nearer than she expected. So taken aback was she that all the glib explanation she had planned to make was forgotten, and she held the miniature out to him without a single word.

Charles had been walking to the house, and only paused at meeting Miss Meredith. He glanced at the outstretched hand, and then let his eyes come back to the girl's face, without making the slightest motion to take his property.

Tongue-tied and doubly embarrassed by his calm scutiny, the young lady stood with flushed cheeks, and with long black lashes dropped to hide a pair of very shamed eyes, the personification, in appearance, of guilt.

Whether the girl would have found her tongue, or would have ended the incident as she was longing to by taking to her heels, it is impossible to say. Ere she had time to do either, the angry voice of the squire broke in upon them.

"Ho, there ye are! Twice I have looked for ye this afternoon, and I warn ye I am not the man to take such conduct from any one, least of all from one of my own servants," he said as he came toward the pair, the emphasis of his walking stick and his heels both telling the story of his anger. "What mean ye, fellow," he continued, "by neglecting your work?"

Absolutely unmoved by the reproof, Charles stood as heedless of it as he had been of the outstretched hand of the daughter, a hand which had promptly disappeared in the folds of Miss Meredith's skirt at the first sound of her father's voice.

"A taste of my walking stick ye should have if ye had your deserts!" went on the squire, now face to face with the servant.

Without taking his eyes from the girl, Charles laughed bitterly. "Is it fear of me," he challenged, "or fear of the law that prevents you?"

"What know ye of the law, sirrah?" demanded the squire.

"Nothing, when I was fool enough to indenture myself," snapped the servant; "but Bagby tells me that it is forbidden, under penalty of fine, for a master to strike a servant."

"Joe Bagby!" roared the squire, more angry than ever. "And how come ye to have anything to do with that scampy lawyer? Hast been up to some mischief already?"

Again the man laughed. "That is for His Majesty's Justices of the Peace to discover. Till then, I shall maintain that I consulted him concerning the laws governing bond-servants."

"A pretty state the country's come to!" raged the squire. "No wonder there is no governing the land, when even servants think to have the law against their masters. But, harkee, my fine fellow. If I may not punish ye myself, the Justices may order ye whipped, and unless ye change your manners I will have ye up before their next sitting. Meantime, saddle a horse as soon as thy supper is done, and take this paper over to Brunswick, and post it on the proclamation board of the Town Hall. And no tarrying, and consulting of tricky lawyers, understand. If ye are not back by nine, ye shall hear from me."

Striking a sunflower with his cane as a slight vent to his anger, the master strode back to the house.

His back turned, Janice once again held out the miniature. "Won't you please take it?" she begged.

"Art tired of it already?" jeered the man.

"I did not take it, Charles," she stammered, "but I knew of its taking, and have brought it back to you."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "'Tis naught to me," he said, and passing the girl, walked to the house.

V.

THE VALUE OF HAIR.

At the evening meal the farm hands and negro house servants remarked in

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Fownes not merely his customary unsocial silence, but an abstraction more obvious than usual. A gird or two from the rougher of his fellow-labourers was wholly unnoted by him, and though he ate heartily, it was with such entire unconsciousness of what he was eating as to make the cook, Sukey, who was inclined to favour him, question if after all he deserved special consideration at her hands.

The meal despatched, Charles took his way to the stable, but some motive caused him to stop at the horse trough and lean over it to examine the reflection of his face. Evidently what he saw did not gratify him, for he vainly tried to smooth down his short hair, and then passed his hand over the scrub of his beard. "'Tis said that clothes make the gentleman," he muttered, "but 'tis really the barber, I think. How many of the belles of the Pump Room and the Crescent would take me for other than a clodhopper? 'Twas not to Charles Lor—to Charles what?—whom they curtesied and ogled and smirked, 'twas to a becoming wig and a smooth chin." Snapping his fingers contemptuously, he went in and began to saddle the horse.

A half-hour later, the man rode up the village street of Brunswick. Hitching Joggles to the post in front of the King George tavern, he walked to the board on the side of the Town Hall and Court House. Here, over the three months' old proclamation, he posted the anonymous note recently received by the squire, which had been wafered to a sheet of *pro patria* paper, and below which the squire had written:

This is to give notice that I despise too much the cowardly villain who wrote and nailed this on my door to pay any attention to him.

A Reward of two pounds will be given for any information leading to the discovery of said cowardly villain.

LAMBERT MEREDITH.

For a moment the servant stood with a slight smile on his face at the contradiction; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he entered the public room of the tavern. Within the air was so thick with pipes in full blast, and the light of the two dips was so feeble, that he halted in order to distinguish the dozen figures of the occupants, all of whom gave him instant attention.

"Ar want landlord," he said, after a pause.

"Here I be," responded a man sitting at a small table in the corner, with two half-emptied glasses and a bowl of arrack punch before him. Opposite to mine host was a thick-set man of about forty, attired in a brown suit, and heavy top-boots, both of which bore the signs of recent travel.

The servant skirted the group at the large table in the centre of the room, and taking from his pocket a guinea, laid it on the table. "Canst 'e give change for thiccy?" he asked.

"I vum!" cried the landlord, as he picked up the coin and rang it on the table. "'Tis not often ye git sight of goold here. How much do yer want fer it?"

"Why, twenty-one shillings," replied the servant, with some surprise in his voice.

"I'll givit you dirty-two," spoke up a Jewish-looking man at the big table, hurriedly pulling out his pouch and counting down a batch of very soiled money from it, which he held out to the servant just as the landlord, too, tendered him some equally ragged bills.

"Trust Opper to give a shilling less than its worth," jeered one of the drinkers.

"Bai thiccy money, Bagby?" questioned Charles, looking suspiciously at both tenders.

"Not much," responded Bagby from the group about the large table, not one of whom had missed a word of the foregoing conversation. "'Tis shaved beef"—a joke which called forth not a little laughter from his companions.

"Will it buy a razor?" asked Fownes quickly, turning to the lawyer with a smile.

"Keep it a week and 'twill shave you itself," retorted the joker, and this allusion to the steady depreciation of the colony paper money called forth another laugh.

"Then 'tis not blunt?" said Charles, but no one save the traveller at the small table caught the play on words, the Cockney cant term for money being unfamiliar to American ears. He smiled, and then studied the bond-servant with more interest than he had hitherto shown.

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Meanwhile, at the first mention of razor, the Jew had left the room, and he now returned, carrying a great pack, which he placed upon the table.

"Sir," he said, in an accent which proved his appearance did not belie his race, while beginning to unstrap the bundle, "I haf von be-utiful razor, uf der besd——" but here his speech was interrupted by a roar of laughter.

"You've a sharper to deal with now," laughed the joker, and another called, "Now you'll need no razor to be shaved."

"Chentlemen, chentlemen," protested the peddler, "Hafn't I always dealt fair mit you?" He fumbled in his half-opened pack, and shoving three razors out of sight, he produced a fourth, which he held out to the servant. "Dot iss only dree shillings, und it iss der besd of steel."

"You can trust Opper to know pretty much everything 'bout steals," sneered Bagby, who was clearly the local wit. "It's been his business for twenty years."

"I want a sharp razor, not a razor sharp," said Charles good-naturedly, while taking the instrument and trying its edge with his finger.

"What business has a bond-servant with a razor?" demanded the tavern-keeper, for nothing then so marked the distinction between the well-bred and the unbred as the smooth faces of the one and the hairy faces of the other.

"Hasn't he a throat to cut?" demanded one of the group, "and hasn't a covenantman reason to cut it?"

"More likes he's goin' a sparkin'," asserted one of the idlers. "The gal up ter the squire's holds herself pooty high an' mighty, but like as not she's as plaguey fond of bundling with a good-looking man on the sly as most wenches."

"If she's set on that, I'm her man," remarked Bagby.

"Bundling?" questioned the covenant servant. "What's that?"

The question only produced a roar of laughter at his ignorance, during which the traveller turned to the publican and asked:

"Who is this hind?"

"'Tis a new bond-servant of Squire Meredith's, who I hearn is no smouch on horseflesh. Folks think he's a bloody-back who's took French leave."

"A deserter, heigh?" said the traveller, once more looking at the man, who was now exchanging with the peddler the three-shilling note for the razor. He waited till the trade had been consummated, and then suddenly said aloud, in a sharp, decisive way, "Attention! To the left—dress!"

Fownes' body suddenly stiffened itself, his hands dropped to his sides, and his head turned quickly to the left. For a second he held this position, then as suddenly relaxing himself, he turned and eyed the giver of the order.

"So ho! my man. It seems thou hast carried Brown Bess," said the traveller, giving the slang term for the musket.

Flushed in face, Fownes wheeled on the man hotly, while the whole room waited his reply in silence. "Thou liest!" he asserted.

"You varlet!" cried the man so insulted, flushing in turn, as he sprang to his feet and caught up from the table a heavy riding whip.

As he did so, the bond-servant's right hand went to his hip, as if instinctively seeking something there. The traveller's eyes followed the impulsive gesture; even while he, too, made a motion more instinctive than conscious, by stepping backward, as if to avoid something. This motion he checked, and said:

"No. Bond-servants don't wear bayonets."

Again the colour sprang to the servant's face, and his lips parted as if an angry retort were ready. But instead of uttering it, he turned and started to leave the room.

"Ay," cried the traveller, "run, while there's time, deserter."

Fownes faced about in the doorway, with a smile on his face not pleasant to see, it was at once so contemptuous and so lowering. Yet when he spoke there was an amused, almost merry note in his voice, as if he were enjoying something.

"Ar baint no more deserter than thou baist spy," he retorted, as he left the tavern and went to where his horse was tethered. Unfastening him, he stood for a moment stroking the animal's nose.

"Joggles," he confided, "I fear, de-

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spite the praise the fair ones gave of my impersonation of 'The Fashionable Lover,' that I am not so good an actor as either Garrick or Barry. I forget, and I lose my temper. So, a bond-servant should cut his throat," he continued, as he swung lightly into the saddle. "I fear 'tis the only way I can go undiscovered. Fool that I was to do it in a moment of passion. Five years of slavery!" Then he laughed. "But then I'd never seen her! Egad, if she could be painted as she looked to-day by Reynolds or Gainsborough, 'twould set more than my blood glowing. There's a prize, Joggles! Beauty, wealth and freedom, all in one. She'd be worth a tilt, too, if for nothing but the sport of it. We'll shave, make a dandy of ourselves, old man—" Then the servant paused—"and, like a fool, be recognized by some fellow like Clowes—what does he here?—but for my beard, and that he'd scarce expect to meet Jack—" Fownes checked himself, scowling. "Jack Nothing, a poor son of a gun of a bond-servant. Have done with thy idiot schemes, man," he admonished. "For what did you run, if 'twas not to bury yourself? And now you'd risk all for a petticoat." Taking from his pocket the razor, he threw it into the bushes that lined the road, saying as he did so, "Good-by, gentility."

The departure of the bond-servant, leaving the sting of innuendo behind him, had turned all eyes toward the traveller, and Bagby but voiced the curiosity of the roomful when he remarked, "What did Fownes call you spy for?"

"Nay, man, he called me not that," denied the stranger, "unless he meant to call himself a deserter as well. Landlord, a bowl of swizzle for the company! Gentlemen, I am Lincolnshire born and bred. My name is John Evatt, and I am travelling through the country to find a likely settling place for six solid farmers, of whom I am one. Whom did you say was yon rogue's master?"

"Squire Meredith," said mine host, now occupied in combining the rum, spruce beer and sugar at the large table.

"And what sort of man is he?" asked Evatt, bringing his glass from the small table and taking his seat among the rest.

"He's as hot-tempered an' high an' mighty as King George hisself," cried one of the drinkers. "But I guess his stinkin' pride will come down a little afore the committee of Brunswick's through with him."

"Let thy teeth keep better guard over thy red rag, Zerubabel," rebuked Joe Bagby, warningly. "We wants no rattlepates to tell us—or others—what's needed or doing."

"This Meredith's a man of property, eh?" asked Evatt.

"He's been so since he married Patty Byllynge," replied the publican. "Before then he warn't nothin' but a smart young lawyer over tew York."

"And who was Patty Byllynge?"

"You don't know much 'bout West Jersey, or I guess you'd have heard of her," surmised Bagby. "'Taint every girl brings her husband a pot of money, and nigh thirty thousand acres of land. Afore the squire got her, the men was about her like——" the speaker used a simile too coarse for repetition.

"So ho!" said the traveler. "Byllynge, heigh? Now I begin to understand. A daughter—or granddaughter—of one of the patentees?"

"Just so. In the old man's day they held the lands all along this side of the Raritan, nigh up to Baskinridge, but they sold a lot in the forties."

"Then perhaps this is the place to bargain about a bit? The land looked rich and warm as I rode along this afternoon."

"'Taint no use tryin' ter buy of the new squire," remarked one man. "He won't do nothin' but lease. He don't want no freemen 'bout here."

"Yer might buy of Squire Hennion. He sells now an' again," suggested the innkeeper.

"Who's he?" demanded Evatt.

"Another of the monopolizers who got a grant in the early days, afore the land was good for anything," explained Bagby. "His property is further down."

"Ye'd better bargain quick, if ye want any," spoke up an oldster. "Looks like squar's son was a-coortin' squar's daughter, an' mayhaps her money'll make old Squar Hennion less put tew it fer cash."

"So Squire Meredith isn't so popular?"

"He and Squire Hennion will find out suthin' next time they offers fer Assembly," asserted one of the group.

"He's a member of Assembly, is he?" questioned Evatt. "Then he's all right on—he belongs to the popular party?"

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"Not he!" cried several.

"He was agin the Association, tried to stop our sending deputies to Congress, an' boasts thât tea's drunk at his table," said the landlord.

"'Twon't be for long," growled Bagby.

"Then how comes it that ye elect him Assemblyman?"

"'Tis his tenants do it," spoke up the lawyer. "They don't have the pluck to vote against him for fear of their leaseholds. And so 'tis with the rest. The only way we can get our way is by conventions and committees. But get it we will, let the gentry try as they please."

"Well, gentlemen," said Evatt. "Here's the swizzle. Glasses around, and I'll give ye a toast ye can all drink: May your freedom never be lessened by either Parliament or Congress!"

Two hours of drinking and talking followed, and when the last of the tipplers had staggered through the door, and Evatt, assisted by the publican, had reeled rather than walked upstairs to his room, if he was not fully informed as to the locality of which the tavern was the centre, it was because his brain was too fuddled by the mixed drink, and not because tongues had been guarded.

Eighteenth century heads made light of drinking bouts, and Evatt ate a hearty breakfast the next morning. Thus fortified, he called for his horse, and announced his intention of seeing Squire Meredith—"About that damned impertinent varlet."

Arrived at Greenwood, it was to find that the master of the house was away, having ridden to Bound Brook to see some of his more distant tenants; but in colonial times visitors were such infrequent occurrences that he was made welcome by the hostess, and urged to stay to dinner. "Mr. Meredith will be back ere nightfall," she assured him, "and will deeply regret having missed you."

"Madam," responded Evatt, "American hospitality is only exceeded by American beauty."

It was impossible not to like the stranger, for he was a capital talker, having much of the chat of London, tasty beyond all else to colonial palates, at his tongue's tip. With a succession of descriptions or anecdotes of the frequenters of the Park and Mall, of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, he entertained the ladies at dinner, the two girls sitting almost open-mouthed in their eagerness and delight.

The meal concluded, the ladies regretfully withdrew, leaving Evatt to enjoy what he chose of a decanter of the squire's best Madeira, which had been served to him, visitors of education being rare treats indeed. Like all young peoples, Americans ducked very low to trans-Atlantic travellers, and, as colonists, could not help but think an Englishman of necessity a superior kind of being.

The guest filled his glass, unbuttoned the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and slouched back in his chair. Then he put the wine to his lips, and holding the swallow in his mouth to prolong the enjoyment, a look of extreme contentment came over his visage. And if he had put his thoughts into words, he would have said:

"By Heavens! What wine and what women! The one they smuggle, but where do they get the other? In a rough new country who'd think to meet with greater beauty and delicacy than can be seen skirting the Serpentine? Such eyes, such a waist, and such a wrist! And those cheeks—how the colour comes and goes, telling everything that she tries to hide! And to think that some bumpkin will enjoy lips fit for a duke. Burn it! If 'twere not for my task, I'd have a try for Miss Innocence and——" The man glanced out of the window and let his eyes wander over the landscape, while he drained his glass—"Thirty thousand acres of land!" he said aloud, with a smack of pleasure.

His eyes left off studying the fields to fix themselves on Janice, who passed the window, with the garden as her evident destination, and they followed her until she disappeared within the opening of the hedge. "There's an ankle," he exclaimed with an expression on his face akin to that it had worn as he tasted the Madeira. "'Twould put enough sparks aflame in London to set fire to the Thames!" He reached for the Medeira once more, but after removing the stopper, he hesitated for a moment, then replacing it, he rose, buttoned his waistcoat, and taking his hat from the hall, he slipped through the window and walked toward the garden.

(To be continued.)

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PICKANINNY LULLABY

Down on de cabin flo',
  Scramblin' lack er 'gater,
Little bit 'er pickaninny,
  Eatin' swee' pertater.

    Sho, sho, don' you cry,—
      Mammy come an' git you;
    She's er-comin' by an' by,—
      Nuffin gwine ter hu't you.

I'nin' up de whi' folks' close,
  Fas' es she kin herry,—
Mammy little cole black rose,—
  Mammy huckleberry.

    Sho, sho, don' you cry,
      Mammy come an' git you,
    She's er-comin' by an' by,—
      Nuffin gwine ter hu't you.

Tie de big toe wid er string,
  Ter er chunk er bacon,—
Dar now, little bitter thing,—
  You caint choke, I reckon.

    Sho, sho, don' you cry,
      Mammy come an' git you,
    She's er-comin' by an' by,—
      Nuffin gwine ter hu't you.

'Possum gravy by an' by,
  Cornbread crumbled in hit,—
Peter—Barny-bias—Paul,
  Shet yo' mouf dis minnit!

    Sho, sho, don' you cry,
      Mammy come an' git you,
    She's er-comin' by an' by,—
      Nuffin gwine ter hu't you.

Settin' on de cabin flo',
  Scramblin' lack er' gater,—
Little bit 'er pickaninny,
  Eatin' swee' pertater.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

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A BRIEF FOR THE SOUTH*

A vivacious young lady once suggested, by way of definition, that anything that is interesting is a novel. It would be in the same spirit to add that anything that is dull is a chronicle. It was, therefore, with mingled hopes and fears that we surveyed the title, *Red Rock: A Chronicle of Reconstruction*, the beginning of which is inviting, and the end ominous. A perusal of the book has justified a great many of the hopes and some of the fears raised by the title. We recognise in the story all those attractive gifts which Mr. Page has shown as a teller of short stories; and yet we also recognise, under a thin disguise, the student of political and social conditions, with his plea for the injured South, occasionally usurping the functions of the literary artist. But, on the whole, Northerners will do well to take the book sympathetically, and let their souls be instructed by those portions which do not entertain them.

Red Rock is full of Mr. Page's well-known resources of humour and pathos. There are innumerable things lightly and gracefully touched in a suggestive style, which is the more admirable because the suggestiveness is never forced. The characterisation is in many ways good, although we feel the author's sympathies and antipathies too frequently. The Carys, the Grays, General Legaie, and Steve Allen come to us well introduced, as it were; while the Welches and Captain Middleton are Northerners to whom the author extends the generous hospitality of the South. On the other hand, Leech, McRaffle and Still are beings for whom the author has no respect, and for whom he is determined that we shall not have any respect either. This inability to enter into different characters without any colour of personal like or dislike shows a weakness of dramatic instinct; and one wonders whether it is because of this inelasticity that Mr. Page has so frequently told his short stories in the language of a negro, whose personal feelings need no more be effaced than his dialect. But after all there is something magnetic in Mr. Page's literary manner, and we find ourselves readily accepting most of his prejudices.

To draw women well is, for a man, the highest triumph of characterisation. Supreme authors, like Shakespeare and Homer, have especially distinguished themselves in this line; but, in general, feminine reserves and defective masculine sympathies, no less than the blinding power of "feminine charm," have handicapped even great writers in the study of feminine character. It is noteworthy that the meek Richardson whom nobody was afraid of, and before whom, therefore, no woman needed to exercise especial reserve, has portrayed womanhood with far more depth and subtlety than the more virile Scott and Fielding. Mr. Page's women are chiefly Virginians. Blair Cary, the most carefully drawn, is full of the well-known Southern charm and accustomed to Southern gallantry and homage. Ruth Welch is a delicate and graceful figure. Mrs. Welch, a woman of great energy and conscience but full of those angularities in which the philanthropic feminine sometimes takes shape, is cleverly portrayed. She is a coarser type than either of the young women, but perhaps for that very reason more forcibly conceived. For, in general, Mr. Page treats refined women with a certain conventional politeness, which is quite harmless in life, but which mars the lines of characterisation in a book.

Mr. Page succeeds in making us thoroughly like his men. They are brave, impulsive and generous Virginians, and we accept them immediately as friends. Doctor Cary, a conservative type of Virginian, would be an honour to any clime; and his death, after visiting, with his last strength, the bedside of his detestable enemy Leech, is perhaps the most pathetic thing in the book. Doctor Cary is skilfully differentiated from the radical General Legaie, the life-long suitor to Miss Thomasia. Andy Stamper, who amuses us early in the story, by remarking to some confessed Yankees: "Well, I'm durned! You know,

*Red Rock: A Chronicle of Reconstruction. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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you're the first I ever seen as wan't ashamed to own it. Why, you looks most like we all!"—Andy Stamper wins us by his intrepidity in love and in war. Perhaps it is in the case of Steve Allen that Mr. Page's friendship for his nice young men most interferes with convincing presentation. Steve is so likeable that Mr. Page has not the heart to show us the character from a reverse side, the existence of which we cannot help suspecting. For although Steve is a good fellow, brave, honest and chivalrous, he is also decidedly lawless and rash. Class sympathies are very strong with Mr. Page, and Steve belongs to that author's favourite class. If McRaffle had broken open a jail he would have been more severely treated by the novelist.

Red Rock has not a great deal of unity in plot. Only toward the end does Steve emerge as the hero of the story—a position which we had expected Jacquelin Gray to occupy. But there are episodes of breathless excitement, such as the kidnapping of Leech and the holding of him as a hostage for the life of Rupert Grey, a dangerous witness whom the carpet-baggers try to get out of the way. Artistically the book is markedly distinguished for grace of sentiment and delicacy of humour, but is less remarkable for strength of imagination. Not that there are not imaginative descriptions in it. The picture of the "Indian Killer" at Red Rock, for instance, is admirably invested with weird terror, superstition and romance. But in general the fervid passages of the book are intellectual ones. They arise from polemical convictions concerning the social evils of the time. And the book is not fused into a whole by the fire of creative imagination.

To consider this novel, therefore, merely as a work of fiction is to neglect an important point of view. *Red Rock* is also a careful study of social and political conditions in Virginia, and in particular a forcible exposition of the difficulties of the "negro question" as seen by the Virginian aristocracy. Our sympathy is enlisted at the start where it is pointed out how strong was the sentiment in Virginia in favour of the Union until the call for troops and the implied threat of invasion evoked the old spirit of State Rights in all its power. The immense difficulties raised by the premature enfranchisement of the negro are ably set forth. It is easy for us in the North to talk about all men having equal rights. But one cannot read Mr. Page's book without feeling great sympathy for those States where the negroes were numerous. These States had the negro franchise thrust upon them by Federal authority—a franchise which threw the Government into the hands of ignorant men utterly untrained in the Anglo-Saxon traditions of free government; or rather into the hands of the unscrupulous carpet-baggers who played with the coloured legislators as with so many men on a checkerboard. Many illustrations of the incompetence of the negro are given, seemingly from real life. They read like the reports of a student of social conditions. No doubt the aristocratic structure of Virginian society has generated in the Virginian aristocrat a class pride with which we can but imperfectly sympathise. That the negro, Nicholas Ash, should have obtained by political corruption the money to drive a coach is a fit subject for indignation. But Mr. Page's community is apparently less offended by the political corruption than by the fact that the present coach-owner is a negro and has been a slave. Perhaps, too, Mr. Page has not done full justice to certain circumstances which made a great deal of political *bouleversement* in the Southern States, an almost inevitable consequence of their previous secession.

But on at least one point Mr. Page has been admirably just and even generous to the North. He acknowledges that the respectable element of Northern society had little knowledge of the state of things under the carpet-bag administrations. The collective conscience of legislatures is rarely sensitive, and our Congress has never been an exception to the rule. And the administrations that immediately followed Lincoln's were not all they should have been. But worst of all were the nefarious agents of the Federal Government who, like Jonadab Leech, possessed themselves of authority in the South. The unmitigated black in which Leech is painted is, possibly, an exaggeration; but we might well blush for a far better man. And that the character is drawn in good faith, and with

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ERNEST RENAN.

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an effort to be fair, is shown by the fact that his wickedness is shared by such accomplices of local origin as Hiram Still; while Northerners of the better type, like Welch and Middleton, are drawn with a good deal of sympathy. All things considered, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Page frequently writes as an advocate with a brief for the plaintiff aristocracy of Virginia, and not as a judge. But Mr. Page's case is one that thoroughly deserves recognition, and would obtain recognition in even fuller measure if some parts of it were a little more moderately expressed. But no one can read *Red Rock* without feeling a great deal of sympathy for the Southern whites, and the book is as instructive as it is entertaining.

Henry Barrett Hinckley.

THE ART OF THE MONTH

However modest his recognition, the native painter has the *pas* at the present moment. With the Architectural League exhibition in full blast, with the Academy and the Society of American Artists shows about to take place, and the Water Colour Society occupying the walls of the old Academy of Design, it only needed the sale of the distinctly American collection of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke to emphasise the fact that some good can come out of Nazareth after all, for here and there in all these exhibitions there is evidence of a healthy progress among our own men.

Mr. Clarke's collection of nearly four hundred canvases was impressive, and doubtless came as a surprise to the average frequenter of the galleries who had not deemed it possible that so really excellent a showing, by purely native workers, could be made. A few more patriotic buyers like Mr. Clarke and there would be an impetus to the cause of national art that would astonish the collector. It is all very well to say that art is of no country, and that good men find their level in due time. But history tells a different story. Encouragement is a powerful factor in the development of the painter. Men need the practical incentive to continue on in their labours. Some geniuses will, of course, always rise above the ordinary worker, and are not to be denied. But the average artist needs something more than the glory of self-assurance that his work is good. A mild success at least is indispensable, and of late even that has been difficult to obtain. The group of early Englishmen so eagerly sought by the collector, and with reason, would have been impossible if the Briton had not been patriotic and given them commissions instead of going for portraits to a host of foreigners. The brilliant coterie of Dutchmen of the seventeenth century would scarcely have flourished if the worthy burghers of their native Holland had not manifested a practical interest in their performances; and surely, the great nobles and potentates of Italy made possible the art of that country through all the years of its wonderful development.

It seemed a pity to dissipate these Clarke pictures, for together they formed a unique history of the achievements of the American for twenty years past. The examples of the late George Inness alone are a monument to the ability and the great endowments of the master native landscape painter of this country. In their way the works of Winslow Homer are of no less value, and his "Eight Bells," "The Life Line," and the pictures of dashing surf, are among the most noteworthy products turned out on this side of the water since we began to produce painters. But if these stood out with force, not alone by reason of their numerical but their artistic strength, there were many individual canvases that were record-making affairs at their conception, and they have stood the test of time remarkably well. Abbey's altogether serious and lovely "Autumn"; Kappes's negro subjects; Mowbray's dainty poetical conceptions of beautiful women; Brush's Indian themes; and Ulrich and Moeller in their highly finished modern subjects, with thoughtfully painted figures—all these

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are not to be passed over lightly, for they are accomplishments that any artist might be proud to sign.

In most of Mr. Clarke's pictures there was a good motive—not necessarily a story-telling quality, but a sufficient *raison d'être*—and this was the secret of their success. Too often the painter gives only a small amount of intellectual attention to his theme, and in his haste to cover a canvas he produces a work of no lasting importance. It explains in a way the indifference of the collector to American pictures. A good composition is imperative, if the attention of the world is to be arrested. Take any famous work of art and this will be at once evident. The painter must positively have something to say. It may be an incident, a phase of nature, or a tonal scheme, but something it must be, to get the eyes of the public and hold them. How much a factor this is might have been seen in the work of Anders L. Zorn, whose etchings were shown during the month at the Keppel galleries. To begin with, the man is a past-master in the dexterous use of his needle, and he has a technique unsurpassed by any worker in this medium, not even excepting Whistler himself.

But with this cleverness of handling, there was something said in each plate. Each portrait took on a personality showing research, knowledge, and the qualities of a big man who was properly equipped for his work. This is characteristic of the foreigner. Unlike his American brother, he is usually through with the technical part of his profession at an early age. He has had his instruction at the schools, and is prepared to enter into the serious business of his profession without too much experimenting. Some experimenting, of course, there must always be. But to be able to draw the figure, to construct properly and to know the rudiments of the art is not to be handicapped with the troubles that beset the path of so many of our men. Zorn is a finished workman. Those who saw his portrait of Mrs. Potter Palmer at the recent Portrait Show, had an idea of the remarkable dexterity of the man, and of the few difficulties he had with his brush. So, when he went to the performance of these etchings, he had only to give his attention to getting the character of his sitters. This he did well. He brought to his work a feeling of great enthusiasm, which the visitor to the gallery shared.

The expression by line on copper is a rare accomplishment. Few men have possessed it to a distinctive degree. To get with a few strokes the character of a man or woman; to convey form and construction with the sweep of a black line, requires, first, great feeling for this manner of expression, and, secondly, unusual facility with the medium. There it not much changing to be done here. The work must be executed with almost unerring directness, or the whole effect is lost. Spontaneity is the great aim in etching. No matter how the line has been considered, it must appear to have been put in with frankness and directness. Whistler does this, Haden in his landscapes conveyed the same idea, and, of course, Rembrandt was a master worker who has never been excelled. Zorn works with vim always, and he knows better than most men the value of a line, the worth of a black mass. Just where it belongs, there it usually is in his work. There was a portrait of the King of Sweden in the collection that was exceptionally good. The artist was never for a moment confused by the importance of his sitter, and he drew royalty, as he would have limned the ordinary model. It was an excellent performance, and quite worthy of his reputation. The Renan, now a classic, was also included in this exhibition.

There were portraits shown in other mediums, and the man's facility in oil was made evident, with a full-length portrait and some busts. These were clever rather than profound. The foreign portrait painters have a facility which few of our men possess. Zorn is no exception to the rule. His work in oil, however, is rather of the exterior than the more serious rendering of the personality of his sitter, though he, in particular, combines with his *habileté* some of the larger qualities. But the foreigner is a serious competitor of the native in these days. Several of the more prominent European men are here, or are to come. Chartran and Madrazo have set up their easels in New York now; Carolus Duran was here last winter, and has come again, while a younger man, Jongers, showed

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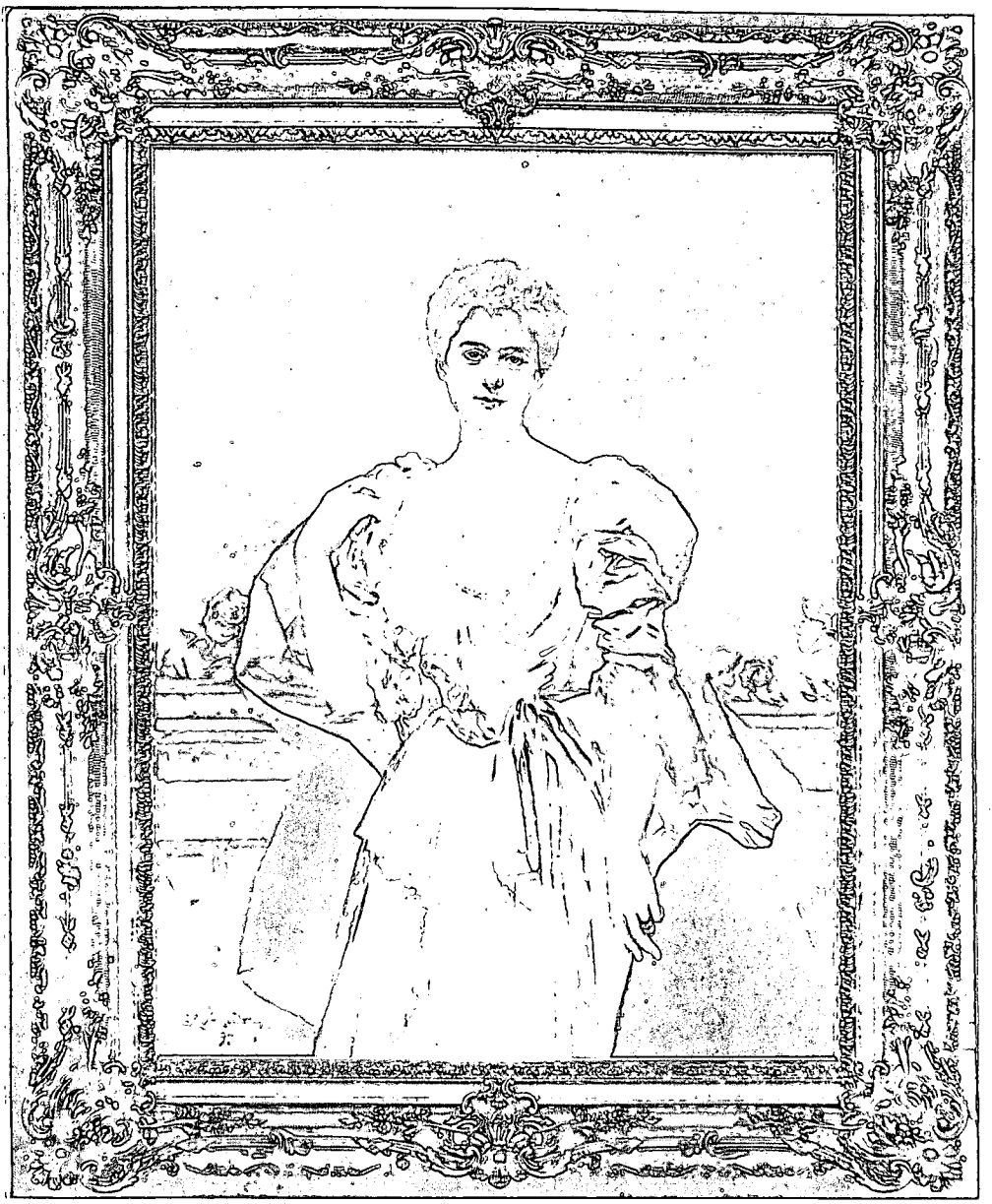

MRS. JENNINGS.

From the portrait by Raimondo de Madrazo.

during the month a dozen canvases of prominent people. Inasmuch as all of these men have been successful, there seems to be no lack of commissions if the painter will only please the public. What is the secret of the success of the aliens, when the native, with a few notable exceptions, is passed by?

There is, of course, a certain prestige to the foreign-born artists, and, as a rule, they are men of agreeable manners who, realising the importance of social accomplishments, cultivate those arts quite as industriously as those of their profession. Their great facility enables them to do their work quickly, not a small consideration to the busy American man or woman. Then vanity enters into the per-

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THE MILLPOND.

By George Inness. From the Thomas B. Clarke collection.

formance, for the men from over the seas are not, as a rule, impeded by any foolish notions of sincerity in the bestowal of a style to their sitter, denied by a less complacent nature. To give the American woman of plebeian extraction the carriage and appearance of a duchess, is not in the least to offend her. To paint her Felix costume in all its detail of furbelows and make it an important piece of the still life of the composition, is to obtain her favour. To soften wrinkles, to tone down age and generally to round out and fill in, is to win her liking forevermore. It is true these documents are not faithful, and are worthless as transcripts for posterity; but the sitter cares more for the present than for generations unborn.

These qualities are not always apparent in the works of the painters whom the world has voted great. If Van Dyke

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MADAME JAN VAN DORP.

By Michiel Janszen Mierevelt, 1567-1641. Recently acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.
Published by permission of The Blakeslee Galleries, New York.

did refine a hand, he generally wrought out the face with abiding truthfulness; and, although some of the early Englishmen were more or less kind to their patrons, it was rarely at the expense of the likeness, and seldom did the dress monopolise the larger share of attention. At the recent Portrait Show the native held his own remarkably well with the foreigners, and in his seriousness he gave a

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THE PURITAN GIRL.

By Douglass Volk. From the etching published and copyrighted by C. Klackner, New York. By permission of the publisher. From the Thomas B. Clarke collection.

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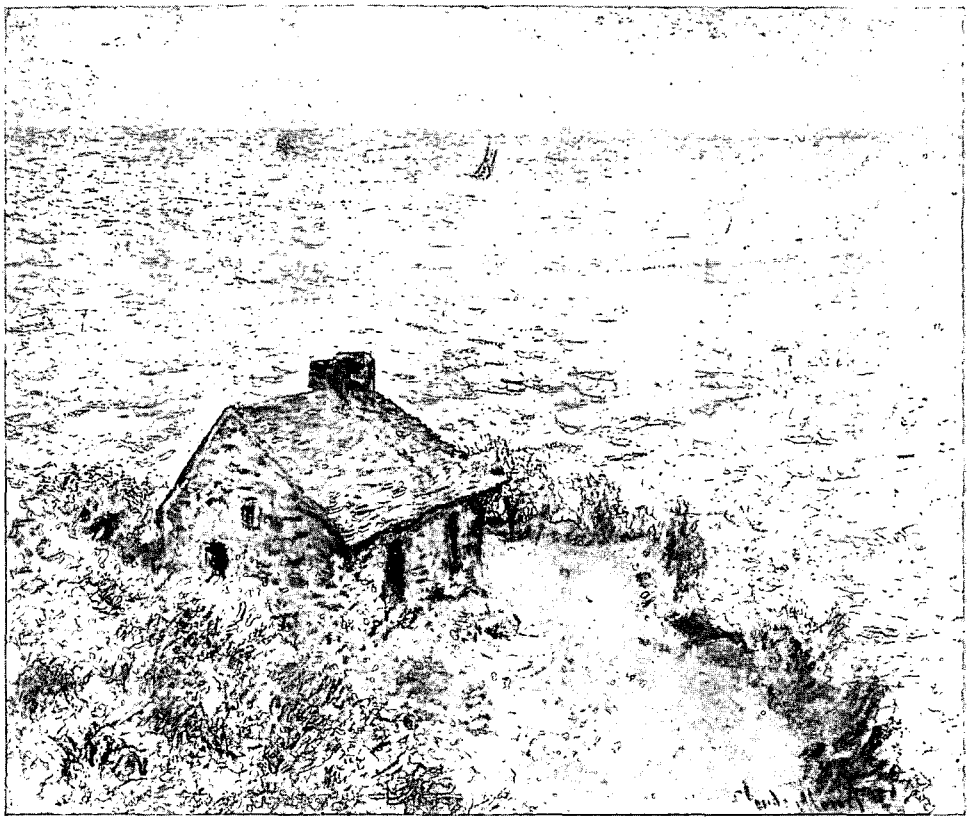

THE COASTGUARDS' HOUSE.

By Claude Monet. By permission of Durand-Ruel, Paris and New York.

more impressive result. There has been a craze lately for the works of these early English portrait painters, and it has resulted in a number of curiously stupid forgeries coming into this country. But it does not take the man of intelligence long to sift the wheat from the chaff. Older masters of the Dutch school have been eagerly sought for, too. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has just secured an example by Mierevelt, which is a sturdy performance, and many of our larger collectors are forsaking almost entirely the modern men for the ancient workers.

Frederick A. Bridgman, the distinguished American painter, who has lived twenty-five years in Paris, is now here with a collection of his works. He shows a decided departure from his old methods, and has gone into new fields since his last visit. He has painted a number of decorations, some of which are among his best efforts. An embellishment for a club in the city was put in place shortly after his arrival and an exhibition of some half a hundred canvases was held in January. Egyptian themes have for long occupied Mr. Bridgman's attention. There is reproduced here an important composition called "The Captives of a Pharaoh," to which the artist has brought the study of years, all his knowledge of composition and a full rehabilitation of the life of those archaic days. It is an impressive work, and one by which the painter must be judged, for it contains all of his virtues and few of his faults. It will be recalled that Mr. Bridgman is *hors concours* at the Paris Salon, having a second medal; he wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, obtained some years ago for his quite remarkable picture, "The Funeral Procession of a Mummy on the Nile." This canvas also caused him to be made a

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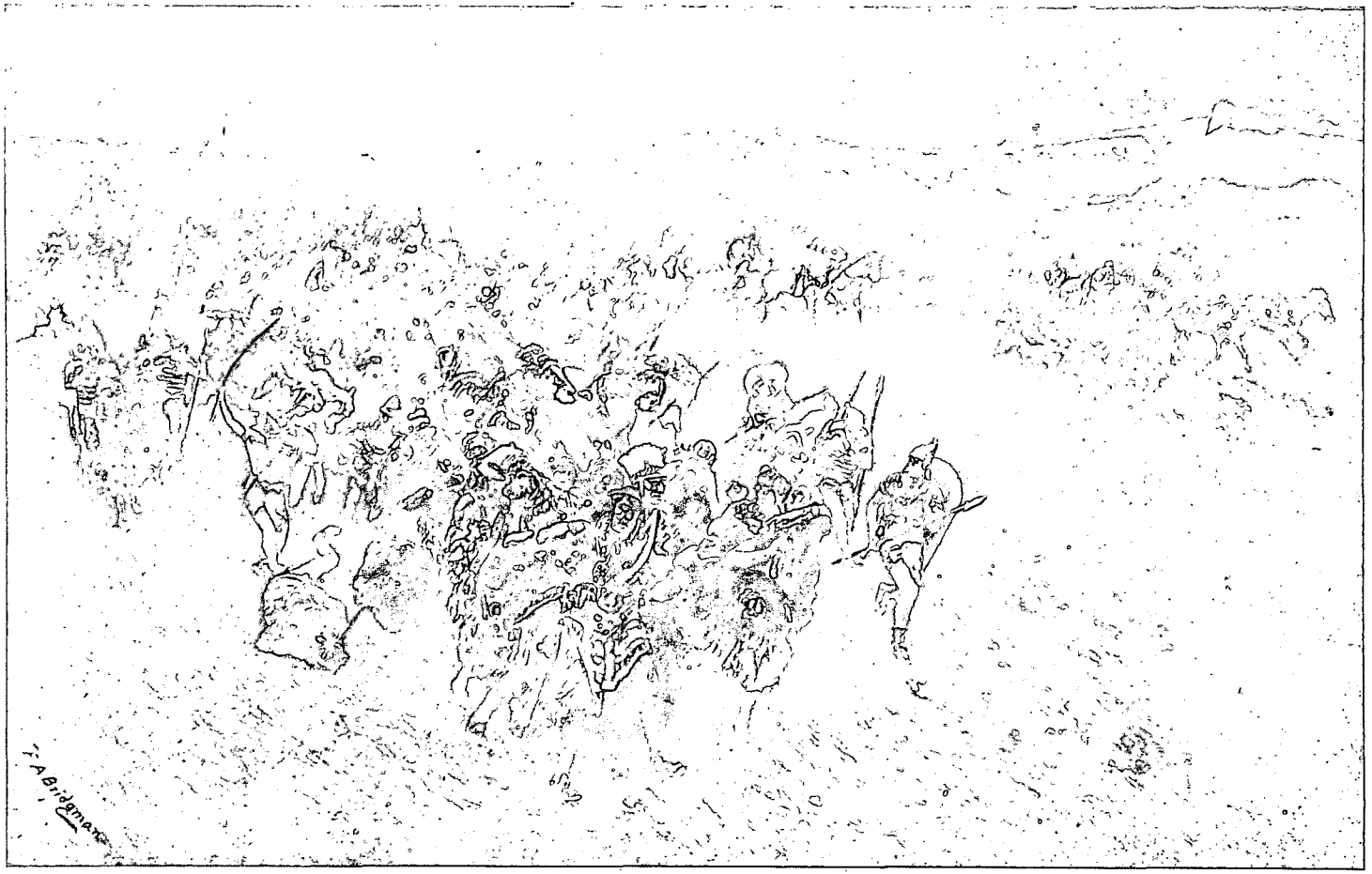

THE CAPTIVES OF A PHARAOH.

From the original painting by Frederick A. Bridgman. By permission of the artist.

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THE LIFE-LINE.

By Winslow Homer. From the etching published and copyrighted by C. Klackner, New York. By permission of the publisher. From the Thomas B. Clarke collection.

member of the French Egyptological Society.

The exhibition at the Lotos Club of a score of pictures by Claude Monet, gave the public a chance to compare the work of this interesting Frenchman with current native and foreign pictures. It is a long time since any such comprehensive exhibition of Monet's works has been held. Indeed, I do not think the show has been surpassed in the admirable selection of the different styles and variety of subject, so far as Monet's work has been seen. From 1874 to last year, one might study the man and obtain a good idea of his achievements. It is highly probable that many who came to laugh went away with more respect for the man than they imagined possible, for there were impressive things here, and, in some cases, quite remarkable canvases.

Except to a few enthusiasts, however, the general impression was one of regret for the mannerisms and the searching in one direction, almost to the utter exclusion of everything else. Great art combines more qualities, I believe, than are evident in the work of Monet. It is not enough that the painter represent atmosphere, that he obtain the brilliancy of light, or that he convey a notion of the scintillation of colour. There must be more. Composition is no small consideration, and this Monet almost always neglects. There should be grace of line, or harmony of arrangement, and these this artist passes over lightly, when he does not entirely ignore them. And the forms of trees, or the anatomical construction of the landscape tell in the sum total. But again these are deemed unworthy by Monet. I find by comparison with a splendid Rousseau, let me say like "The Charcoal Burner's Hut," in the Fuller collection last winter, or the well-known example in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "Edge of the Woods," from the Schaus collection, that there is an intellectual appreciation of nature which Monet does not have, and these works rise to great heights, whereas Monet leaves always something to be desired. *Arthur Hoeber.*

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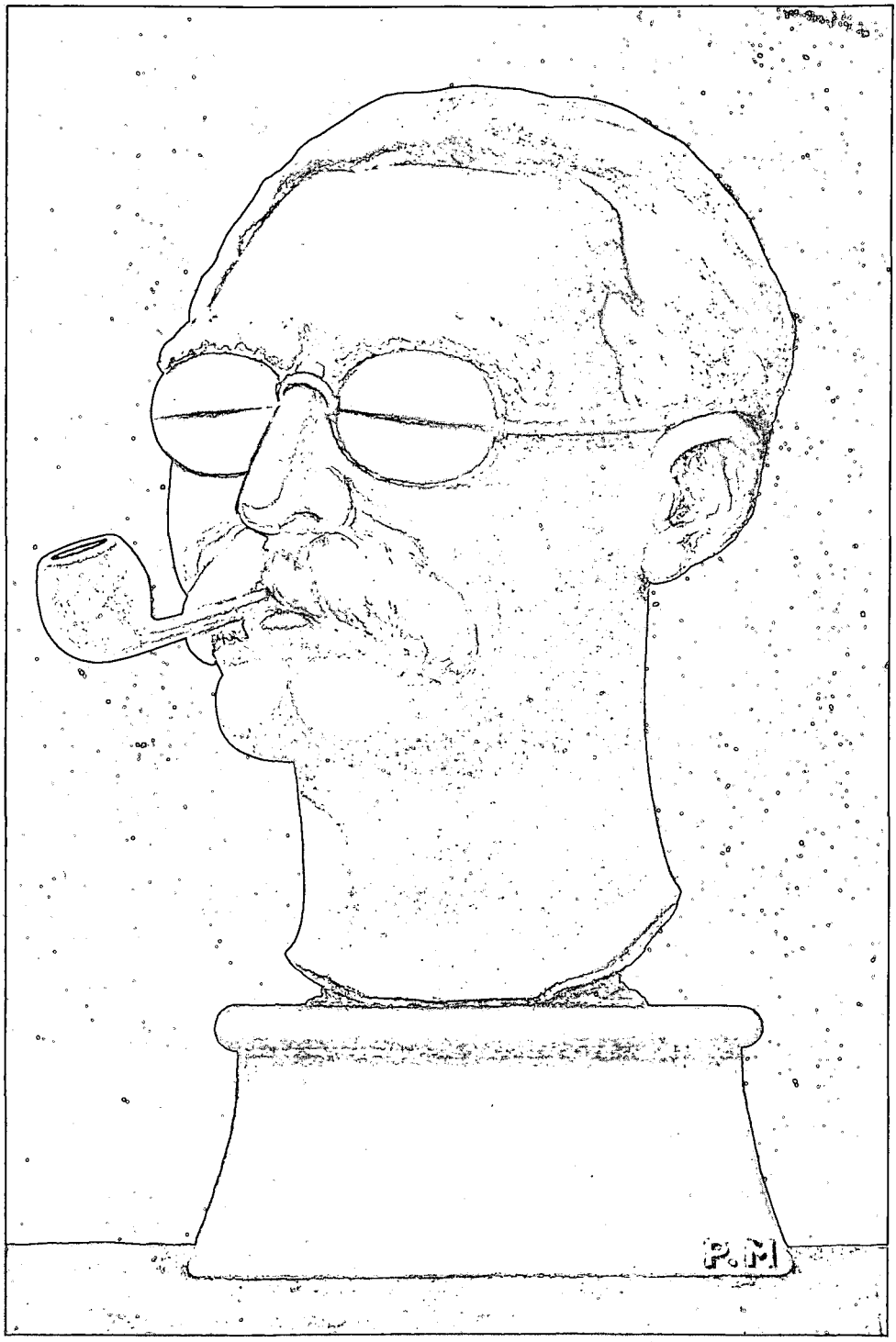

THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY SCULPTURE GALLERY. NO. I.—THE MAN WHO IS.

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KIPLING'S VERSE-PEOPLE

I.

The Story of the Gadsbys was one of those published first in India. Together with the *Drums of the Fore and Aft, Studies in Black and White,* the *Departmental Ditties,* all unpretentious little tomes, modestly and quietly bound, it found its way to England, and soon the Keeper of the Books at the British Museum was struck by the fact that several well-known London literary men were asking from time to time for information in regard to a new writer named Kipling. A few months later Kipling had his "nine days' wonder." It was *The Story of the Gadsbys* that first attracted attention, and this book may be said to mark the turning point in his career. Only a short time before he had been running about Philadelphia trying to persuade editors to print his stories. He was everywhere told that nobody knew or cared anything about India. *The Story of the Gadsbys* ends with an *envoi,* the last line of which is: "He travels the fastest who travels alone." As the theme of the story was marriage, with its attendant joys and woes, the line has been accepted simply as a boisterous dig at that institution which is commended by St. Paul "to be honourable among all men"; another of those notes of warning, half serious, half mocking, which the bachelor animal Kipling used to fling out with fine relish. Did he not say that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke"? It seems, however, to have another, a deeper significance—to sum up the man and his creed. "He travels the fastest who travels alone." The Kipling we know seems always to be travelling alone. It was so in the early Lahore days, it is more so now. His attitude on the part of a man who was not doing something out of the ordinary, who was not making literature, would be impertinent if not boorish. "I will write what I please. I will not alter a line. If it please me to do so I will refer to Her Gracious Majesty—bless her!—as the little fat widow of Windsor, and fill the mouth of Mulvaney with filth and oaths. I will not 'meet people.' If I am on shipboard and prefer passing my time in the smoking room drinking Scotch whiskey I will do so. I will not truckle to old women or fawn upon fools. Here is my work. You may take it or leave it. *C'est à prendre ou a laisser!* I am playing off my own bat. I am travelling alone — always alone." This attitude is of vital interest as being in a measure the keynote of his work. It has another interest. People have invited and received personal rebuffs and gone away crying: "Snob! Cad!" Snob! Of course, he is a snob! So, Madame or Monsieur, is any great man who does not hang gaping and breathless upon your twaddle; who does not accede gaily to your request that he send you an autograph collection of his works; who does not undertake to find a publisher for your own or your daughter's manuscript. A snob! Certainly.

II.

Since he began writing, Kipling's prose and verse have ranged side by side, almost in martial step, with amazing precision. The men and women of the *Departmental Ditties* were the men and women of *Plain Tales from the Hills. Barrack Room Ballads* told in verse the stories of Mulvaney, Learoyd, Ortheris and their soldier comrades. Of more recent years, in poetry as in prose, he has found his inspiration in the oil of the engine room, the thump of the screw, the salt spray of the sea; the lives of the men who toil in machine-shops, in the cabs of locomotives, in the holds of ships. That his success in treating of these later themes has been complete is open to doubt. Would "The Ship that Found Herself" for a moment have been considered seriously if it had been written by another than Kipling? "McAndrew's Hymn" and "The Mary Gloster" ring hard and cold. They may be very true. McAndrew's soul may have been such a soul as was depicted; there is humanity, if rather vulgar humanity, in the dying Sir Anthony Gloster, but there is an element lacking—they don't cling in the memory—and one gladly turns back to

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the fire, the dash, the feeling of "Mandalay":

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea.

The verse-people whose joys, sorrows, aims are best understood by American readers are, of course, the people of *Departmental Ditties*. The charm of the *Ditties* as of the *Plain Tales* was their evident spontaneity. It was impossible not to feel the zest and relish with which they were written. They seemed to have been done on fine sunshiny mornings, when the eye was clear and bright, and two or three pleasant pipes had whiffed the cobwebs out of the head. A young genius looked out upon the world, beheld there laughter and tears, folly and wisdom, and considerable wickedness of a healthy sort. The wickedness roused no anger in him. There was no disposition to howl stale moralities, his mission was not that of a social regenerator, his work bewrayed no maudlin indignation. When he wrote about the deception of a husband he treated all three parties in the affair with perfect and impartial good humour. His attitude was that of detachment, his *métier* to watch the comedy and tragedy of it all as one watches a play. And after having been very much amused and a little bored he sat down to his writing table with the conviction that—

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes that ranged
India's prehistoric clay.

There are times when he seems almost to resent the fact that human nature shows so little originality in its weaknesses. The world wags on merrily and busily, new forces are constantly springing up as if out of the ground, the hand of man is growing more cunning and his brain more active, only his heart can invent no new sin. "Jack" Barrett jobbed off to Quetta in September to die there, attempting two men's work, Mrs. Barrett mourning him "five lively months at most"; Potiphar Gubbins, C.E., hoisting himself to social prominence and highly paid posts as the complaisant husband of an attractive wife—these are the oldest of pitiable human stories. Through the verses which tell of these people there rings a note of half-humorous protest at the monotonous sameness of life. For the purely narrative ditties he has more relish. A general officer, riding with his staff, takes down a heliograph message between husband and wife and finds himself alluded to as "that most immoral man." A young lieutenant wishing to break an engagement in a gentlemanly manner develops appalling epileptic fits with the assistance of Pears' Shaving Sticks. What an honest, wholesome love of fun! What animal spirits! He can see the amazement on the General's "shaven gill," and chuckle with Sleary over some especially artistic and alarming seizure. Above all he delights as—

Year by year in pious patience vengeful Mrs. Boffkin sits,
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

One thinks of him as roaring with laughter as he writes of the astonishment and discomfiture of these people, as the "good Dumas" used to roar with laughter at the humorous observations of his characters.

III.

The people who have been most vehement in acclaiming Mr. Kipling as the inspired and representative singer of the Anglo-Saxon race have been moved so to do by their enthusiasm over the fire of the man rather than by any dogmatic beliefs as to what poetry should be or should not be. It was quite natural that they should have brandished the "Recessional" like a bludgeon over the unhappy head of the present Laureate. When Marshal Soult was in the Government he was accused of having lost the battle of Toulouse; when he was with the Opposition he was conceded to have won it. Before his accession to the Laureateship Mr. Austin was esteemed and respected as a poet of culture and some talent; in these days the poor gentleman cannot publish a line but he is pursued with shouts of laughter and hoots of derision. The Laureateship carries with it many burdens and responsibilities; there are thorns on the cushion, and Kipling is unquestionably

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greater as he is, unfettered and untrammelled.

It is probable that he himself wanted it, as Thackeray wanted to dawdle in Parliament, and to play with sealing wax as an underling in the diplomatic corps at Washington. He has been accused of wishing to amass a great fortune and found a family. That matter, however, has no place here. Kipling marks in a measure the beginning of a new era since his success has done much to broaden the popular taste and make people bolder and more independent in their literary likes and dislikes. The age needed such a man. Certainly it is no crime to find Wordsworth and Browning hard reading, and to prefer the fiction of Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Richard Harding Davis to that of Mr. George Meredith. Only to have frankly avowed such preference would have damned one in that world where "Ladies' Reading Circles" spend an afternoon with the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* and "form opinions." The *precieuse* exists to-day as in Molière's time. Oh, for a Mascarille! So sweeping has been Mr. Kipling's triumph that even among those who profess scorn for everything but the most obscure in song it is permitted to boldly praise his ringing doggerel. Perhaps they are not far wrong who think that an abundance of books has lowered and vulgarised literary standards—who find better the old days, the brave days, when Byron's verse rang like a trumpet call, when a new book by the Wizard of the North or by Mr. Irving was an event to be awaited with serious interest and some anxiety, when people liked their novels long, strong, with plenty of blood-letting, love-making and airy, genteel conversation. Everybody reads *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* and *Childe Harold* and a little of *Paradise Lost* at some time of life, but with most of us, after a certain age, Milton and Pope and Dryden and Scott and Byron are relegated to the top shelves as irrevocably as the plays of Webster or the romances of Mlle. de Scudery. It is not so much that these poets belong to earlier periods and schools; *Tom Jones* and *Humphrey Clinker* and *Ivanhoe* and *Don Quixote*—the last-named in homeopathic doses—are being read and always will be read with undiminished relish. But the end of the century has not the time to scan its romance, and demands that its verse be not only brief but of the kind that is done quickly, done as the two best pieces of work ever done in Scotland—the Battle of Bannockburn and *Tam O'Shanter*—were done, within a single span of sunlight.

IV.

Nothing of Kipling's work in verse is marked by finer feeling than *Barrack Room Ballads*—nothing deals with more tangible people. In writing them he was giving of his best, his very best; consequently they are charged with protest. He was constantly thinking of the "travelled idiots who duly misgovern the land," of the unwritten laws which decree that "only a Colonel from Chatham can manage the railroads of State, because of the gold on his breeks." He was impatient; he girded scornfully and indignantly at official blindness and folly, the folly and blindness that makes men cheats, that discharges Edward Clay and winks when he wriggles back into the service under the name of William Parsons. Then there is six thousand miles away an ungrateful and stupid public which, upon occasion, talks largely and smugly about "thin red lines of heroes," all the while looking upon Tommy Atkins, the individual, as a pampered brute of naturally criminal instincts, who must be lashed into subordination.

> The Toad beneath the barrow knows
> Exactly where each tooth-point goes;
> The butterfly upon the road
> Preaches contentment to that Toad.

His range here is marvellously wide. In no portion of his work is the richness of his general information, which is constantly astonishing people, more striking. No detail has escaped his attention. His verse has shown us Tommy on the march as well as in barracks; Tommy under arms and Tommy in the pursuit of his not always reputable amours. And this is the secret of his strength—that he did not professedly *s'encanailler* himself, that he went to the study of this life not because it offered a new field, but because it honestly interested him. By dint of fighting the soldiers' battles he came to believe in them

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as his own. A man who felt himself to be stooping when he picked up the cudgels could never have written "The Sergeant's Wedding." The flirtations and scandals of the dashing, hard riding, hard dancing married ladies of Simla society entertain him no more than do the squabbles of sergeants' wives.

> When it comes to a man in the case
> They're alike as a row of pins;
> The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under their skins.

Under the Indian sun the Tommy of his verse is a high-spirited creature, usually arrogant and brassy. He has an educated taste for strong drink, an eye for women, adores loot and practical jokes. Of his relations towards his officers Kipling has told us very pleasantly in "The Sentry," verses with a fine comic opera ring. For the civilian he has an immense and far-reaching contempt. At home the English drizzle and the gritty London pavements sap his strength; he slinks meekly out of theatres and "public 'ouses," and grows mopy and homesick for the East, with its sunshine and its "tinkly temple bells."

V.

> By the hoof of the Wild Goat up-tossed
> From the Cliff where she lay in the Sun,
> Fell the Stone
> To the Tarn where the daylight is lost;
> So She fell from the light of the Sun,
> And alone.
>
> Now the fall was ordained from the first,
> With the Goat and the Cliff and the Tarn,
> But the Stone
> Knows only Her life is accursed,
> As She sinks in the depths of the Tarn,
> And alone.
>
> Oh, Thou who hast builded the world!
> Oh, Thou who hast lighted the Sun!
> Oh, Thou who hast darkened the Tarn!
> Judge Thou
> The sin of the Stone that was hurled
> By the Goat from the light of the Sun,
> As She sinks in the mire of the Tarn,
> Even now—even now—even now!

In Kipling's verse there is occasionally a ring that rouses anger at the persistence with which he has held to the writing of flippant social jingles and verses of which the most striking feature is their originality of theme, invading as they do provinces hitherto deemed totally lacking in poetic suggestion. Very seldom and then usually in a spirit of scoffing lightness does he allow us to see how true a poet he is on the accepted highest poetic lines; how seer-like is his vision. A word, a line, thrown in with apparent carelessness, awakens the memory of lost cities and forgotten names. There are such lines in "Tomlinson"—the hero of which, by the way, is not a man, but an attitude—in "Possibilities," in "The Perfect Romance" and elsewhere. The verses quoted at length above seem admirably to illustrate this. They form the headpiece of "To Be Filed for Reference," and were supposed to have been found among the unpublished papers of McIntosh Jellaludin, a loafer, a drunkard, a renegade outcast, whose mind was a "ragbag of odds and ends of useless information." They are, of course, not verses of the highest quality. The whole is obscure, it is in parts meaningless. But what did Coleridge mean when he wrote "The Ancient Mariner"? What is the meaning of Edgar Allan Poe's "Ulalume"? McIntosh Jellaludin may not have been the great poet he deemed himself, but sane and sober he had the making of a good one. Is not the figure striking! What dreams it suggests! How it sums up the darkness and mystery of the East! Kipling seems to have a certain shame about laying bare his soul, to wish to put forward his truest and loftiest inspirations under the guise of mockery, to fear not the name of poet, but the imputation of thinking himself one. This peculiar shame is distinctively Anglo-Saxon. The young Frenchman of literary aspirations will very often tell you that he is a "poet" quite unaffectedly. He finds nothing strange in so saying. It is as if he were to remark that he was a plumber or an architect or an apothecary. And after all why should a young man be more ashamed of writing poems and failing to sell them than a young lawyer of being without briefs or a young physician without patients? There have been times when Kipling has seemed to be meditating some loftier poetic flight, then paused, doubting, and half heartbroken at the doubt. He has been living busily among men, delighting keenly in the rush and turmoil of modern life, knowing its pleasures and prizes and solaces, but never losing sight of life's great dominant mysteries. To the treatment of

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these and to the appreciation of all that is best and highest in his own art, he brings a great reverence and a profound humility.

Thy face is far, from this our war,
Our call and counter cry.
I shall not find Thee quick and kind
Nor know Thee till I die.
Enough for me, in dreams to see
And touch thy garment's hem;
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE VAMPIRE

(From a woman's point of view. With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

A woman there was who heard a prayer,
(Even as you and I!)
From flesh and bones and a lock of hair
(He called her the woman beyond compare),
But he only used her to lighten his care,
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the walks we had and the talks we had,
And the best of our heart and hand,
Were sought by the man who pretended to care;
He didn't—but why he pretended to care,
We cannot understand.

A woman received the flowers he sent,
(Even as you and I!)
Honour and faith she thought his intent,
(But God only knows what the gentleman meant),
Yet a man must follow his natural bent,
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the vows we spoke and the vows we broke,
And the various things we planned,
Belong to the man who said he was true,
(But now we know that he never was true)
And we cannot understand.

One favour she asked—but it was denied,
(Even as you and I!)
In some way or other he might have replied,
(But it isn't on record the gentleman tried),
Her faith in him faltered and finally died,
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame,
That stings like a white hot brand,
It's coming to know he would never say why,
Seeing at last she could never know why,
And never could understand.

Mary C. Low.

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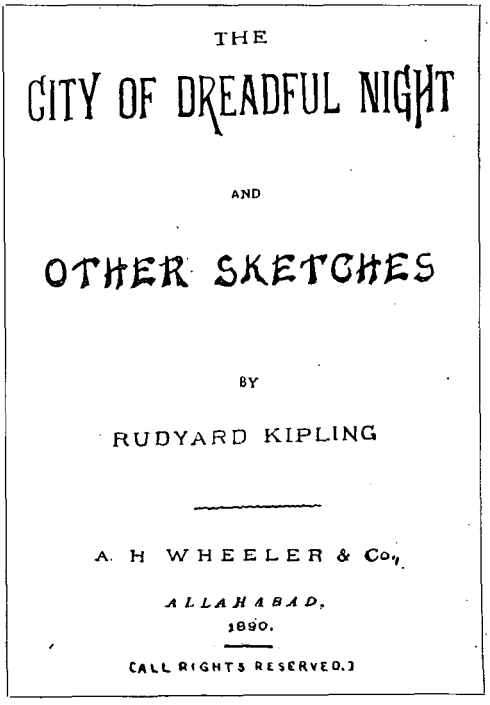
KIPLING'S SUPPRESSED WORKS

Dr. Robertson Nicoll stated in his London Letter, published in the January BOOKMAN, that Rudyard Kipling had caused three of his early volumes to be "suppressed," and several correspondents have asked us to give the titles of these three suppressed books. Happily we have been able to secure photographs of the title-pages which are herewith reproduced in fac-simile. The photographs are taken from the first editions, all of them being of great rarity.

Two of these volumes, *The City of Dreadful Night*, published in Allahabad, in 1890, and *The Smith Administration*, published in 1891, are said to comprise stories which were contributed to *The Civil and Military Gazette*, of Lahore, and *The Pioneer* of Allahabad during the period that Kipling was employed by those papers on a salary. Owing, it is said, to some dispute between the publisher and the author concerning the question of the ownership of the copyright, Mr. Kipling suppressed the books, and according to the manuscript statement in the first copies to come upon the market, only three copies of each book were preserved, and the rest of the edition was destroyed. These two books were sold at Sotheby's in December last. *The City of Dreadful Night* brought £22; and *The Smith Administration* £26.

It was while these copies were on exhibition at Sotheby's that the title-pages were photographed for reproduction in THE BOOKMAN. After the sale, however, and before the delivery of *The Smith Administration* to the unlucky purchaser, the proprietors of *The Pioneer* made the claim that the book was their property, and that it had been stolen from their office in Allahabad. In consequence, the volume was not delivered and we presume that the question of ownership will have to be decided by the courts.

Some of the stories contained in the first edition of *The City of Dreadful Night* were reprinted under the same title with some additional stories, and were published the following year, 1891.


THE

CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

AND

OTHER SKETCHES

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

A. H WHEELER & Co.,

ALLAHABAD,

1890.

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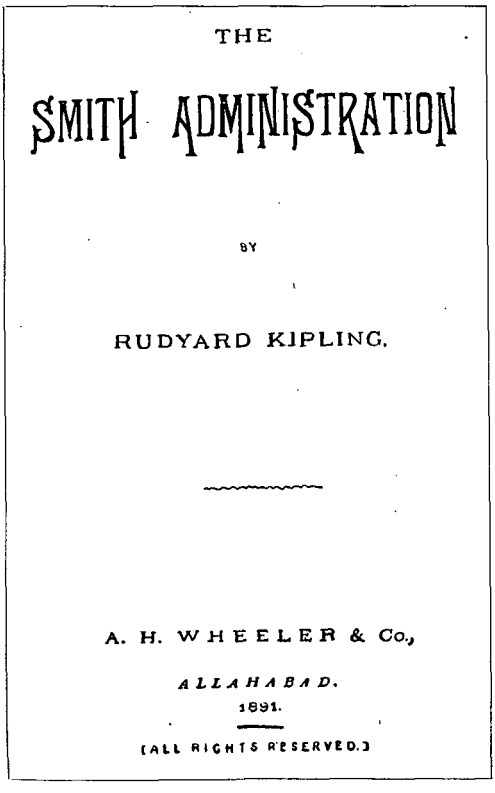
THE

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THE

CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

AND

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LETTERS OF MARQUE.

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING,

AUTHOR OF

"Plain Tales from the Hills," "Departmental Ditties," &c., &c.

A. H. WHEELER & Co.,

ALLAHABAD,

1891.

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The title-page of this second edition is also reproduced. This book, it is believed, has been suppressed as well, but numerous copies must have been put upon the market. The same is true of the *Letters of Marque*, published in 1891, although it seems to be rarer than the other.

After Kipling became known in England, Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston and Company printed *The City of Dreadful Night*, in 1891, uniform with the other octavo volumes of his stories which they were issuing in paper covers. It was duly published, but, for some reason or other, strenuous efforts were made after a few days to suppress it and all unsold copies were destroyed. It was intended also to issue a reprint of the *Letters of Marque* in the same style, to be published in two volumes. Only the first volume, however, seems to have been printed. It was never published, and we understand that the entire edition, excepting only three copies, was sent to the paper mill.

Luther S. Livingston.

SNOW-BOUND

And snow-flakes dim the misty air—the petals of the cold:
The day gropes blindly in the gloom above the hill and wold,
The wind takes up his stormy march in music wild and grand
While Winter lays his grim blockade across the frozen land.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

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MAETERLINCK AS A PROPHET OF JOY

Nothing is more discouraging than to try to write a critical estimate of the work of Maurice Maeterlinck. His next book is sure to make it obsolete. It is not only that, like Meredith, he is never satisfied to shoot twice at the same target, that he is ever and anon setting new problems before him and adopting new methods to meet them. It is not only that with each new book he annexes new territory and forces the critic to reissue his atlas with supplementary charts. The new book not only adds itself to the sum of what is to be considered, but throws new light on all the books that went before and makes one reconstruct and enlarge the ideas and feelings with regard to the earlier volumes, which had hitherto seemed sufficiently adequate and just.

The surprise, or one of the surprises, in Maeterlinck's latest volume, *Wisdom and Destiny*,* is the revelation of the author as a prophet of joy. Our first impression of Maeterlinck, of the Maeterlinck of *Princess Maleine*, *The Intruder* and *The Blind*, was that he was the prophet of terror. The writer of this article at that time characterised him as "a poet of the sepulchre, like Poe," and, while confessing that it demanded a certain greatness to master the expression of even one passion, found in the supposed restriction of Maeterlinck's mastery to the passion of fear a serious limitation. But *Pelleas and Mélisande*, *Alladine and Palamides* and *Aglavaine and Selysette* followed, each opening wider horizons than its predecessor, but all three alike concurring in the revelation of Maeterlinck as the greatest living poet of love, if not the greatest poet of love who ever lived. I am aware that this is a daring statement. But where else in literature are the intimate secrets of love so laid bare? What other poet has carried the lamp of his genius so far along the dim paths of its half-conscious intuitions and reticent mysteries? Of what other creations than his is it true that their love seems to come from such unimagined deeps of the soul? Juliet's is magnificent surrender, but there are realms in her soul that have never been awakened, and it is from these very realms that the love of Mélisande springs. Cleopatra —Shakespeare's Cleopatra—is still the world's masterpiece of love, the world's masterpiece among the delineations of women. But the love of Cleopatra, though not ignoble, is not of the highest order of love; the soul of Cleopatra, though not ignoble, is not the highest order of soul. I dare not say that Aglavaine is so supremely drawn as Cleopatra, but I dare say that she is supremely drawn and that her character and her love were higher to conceive and harder to execute. Save Cleopatra I know of no cases in literature where the truth about love is sought with such fearlessness and revealed with such beauty as in these plays of Maeterlinck. And I have not yet spoken of Selysette, dear henceforth as Alcestis, nor of Astolaine, a creature of divine humanity, worthy to be daughter of Hermione or sister even to the supreme Antigone herself.

For me, the creation of Astolaine is the highest point which the art of Maeterlinck has reached. The wisdom and goodness of Aglavaïne are wider and more catholic, but hardly so intense and high as hers. And here again I must retract and recast my earlier opinions; for I was once fatuous enough to say of Maeterlinck that he was stronger in the treatment of evil than of good. I was thinking of *Princess Maleine* and the powerful characterisation of the wicked queen, Anne, in that drama. Time has quickly put me in the wrong, and made me repeat with fervour the prayer to be delivered from our own foolishness. *Princess Maleine* is the only one of Maeterlinck's plays in which the deeds of a thoroughly evil personage determine the catastrophe; in fact it is the only one of the plays in which a "villain" is among the *dramatis personæ* at all. From our present point of view, indeed, I doubt if we should not say that success in the creation of good, even saintly,

*Wisdom and Destiny. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.75.

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characters, and in the handling of goodness, even saintliness, as a dramatic motive, is Maeterlinck's greatest triumph and most individual distinction. For the goodness of Maeterlinck's people is real goodness and not priggishness, and there is none of the literary craft who does not know how rare and difficult is such an achievement.

His good people are not only not priggish, they are not commonplace. Mankind includes not only its types of passion and of the gentler emotions, but types of those emotions which we call abnormal because they are as yet exceptional; as a modern gentleman would have been abnormal in the time of the Neanderthal man, as man himself might have seemed abnormal in a society of gorillas. There have been not only Borgias and Herods, Attilas and Faustines, not only Hobs and Joans, not only Burnses and Agnes Sorels, not only even Sidneys and Bayards; there are also Maids of Orleans and lovers of Beatrices, Buddhas and Bonaventuras, Francises and Theresas, Blakes and Cimabues. And even if the mystical emotions were restricted to these, they would still be human emotions, and claim their right to be included in the artist's comment on humanity. But they are not so restricted. Probably no qualities are developed to an extreme in any individual, the rudiments of which are not common to the race. The involuntary shudder of the soul which the stoutest disbeliever in ghosts may feel as he passes a graveyard at night; the inward warning, seemingly without reason, that bids us suddenly reverse some well-considered course of action; the peace that falls on us sometimes, we know not whence nor how, when we are troubled; these are the crude potentialities of the visions of Swedenborg and the raptures of St. Catherine. Our vulgarest superstitions, silly or even savage as they may be, are yet the witness to the existence in us of a mystical faculty. It is perhaps a far cry from these superstitions to the exaltations of the saints. So it is from the animal instinct of sex to the highest family affections and romantic love; and yet those affections are latent in that instinct and have developed from it. Some individuals may be born without even a rudiment of mystical feeling, as others are born blind or without legs; but by virtue of the general possession of some measure, however slight, of this faculty, art is able to represent its higher manifestations and be understood.

Maeterlinck is not confined to this realm, but it is a distinction that he enters it. He is at home in the secret places of the soul. If he has not sung their highest raptures, he has explored their subtlest, most mysterious shadows. Yet while he is a mystic in his recognition of the phenomena in question, he is largely an agnostic in their interpretation. He has no cut-and-dried theory by which to explain their enigmas. He sees in them but glimpses of the awful, the inscrutable background of mystery before which the drama of human fate is played. His thought is mystic, but he has no creed. So he stands, with one hand stretched out to the Ruysbroecks and Plotinuses and the other toward the Schopenhauers and Hamlets, like the nineteenth century in which he lives, the century of perhaps the greatest doubt and the greatest faith the world has ever known.

So much we might say of the element of mysticism in Maeterlinck, judging from the plays alone; and even this would be a reversal of a probable earlier feeling, based on the first plays, that his mysticism was of the graveyard, wormy. But, after reading the essays, again a still further modification and broadening of our judgment must take place; and, as before, this will affect our attitude even toward the very works upon which our earlier judgment was based. In *The Treasure of the Humble* Maeterlinck no longer speaks through the masks of his characters, but in his own person. Something of what is lost of dramatic universality is gained in personal directness. It is not often given to a man to achieve the same pre-eminence in two entirely different literary forms, but here the greatest dramatist of his time has proved himself also its greatest writer of meditative prose. Only the direction his work may take in the future can determine whether he is to be first of all numbered in the tribe of Shakespeare or in that of Marcus Aurelius.

The Treasure of the Humble is indeed "infinite riches in a little room," a book that those who love it will enshrine on

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the nearest, most intimate shelf, between Marcus Aurelius himself and *The Imitation of Christ*. We can see now that it is not only in the darkness but in the light of the soul's secret places that Maeterlinck dwells, that the tragedy in his work is but his refusal to be blinded by a too easy optimism, his readiness to face the hardest facts, the most pessimistic possibilities of life, his unwillingness to find salvation in a lie. But he not only seeks the truth with fearlessness, he has reached the wisdom that knows that the real truth, when found, however different from what he hoped it would be, *is* beauty.

Still a new book, and with it again a new and broader interpretation of his whole work, *Wisdom and Destiny* gives us more than one new insight into life, more than one new point of view from which to estimate our indebtedness to its author. Something of the charm of the original is lost in Mr. Sutro's translation. Mr. Sutro is more rhetorical than Maeterlinck, and his style has a vicious trick of inversion quite alien to the high simplicity and utter lack of affectation of his original. But his translation is far from being a bad one, and in this book the substance is of more importance than the style. That *Wisdom and Destiny* is a greater book than *The Treasure of the Humble* I am not prepared to say. That it should appeal to a wider audience seems to me certain. It is the book which I should assuredly recommend all those who as yet have read nothing of Maeterlinck's to read first. It leads step by step from the realm of ordinary thought to that of extraordinary thought, and helps the reader into the circle of ideas where *The Treasure of the Humble* presumes him to have already arrived. It is the work of a mystic, indeed, but of a mystic with his feet on solid ground. And now, though we may not have perceived it or clearly realised it before, we can see that just this combination of spiritual insight with realistic sanity is what has always been Maeterlinck's characteristic.

Again, Maeterlinck's doctrine of Fate becomes clearer after reading this book. One is almost tempted now to think that he underrates the power of destiny, rather than overrates it; but the more one considers his words, the more one is convinced of the even grip he has on the contradictory principles of character and environment. We see now how carefully he distinguishes between fatalism and fatalism, between submission to the fate that is lower than the soul and trust in a fate that is higher, between the fatalism of chance and the fatalism of faith. To what high thoughts and beautiful conclusions he hunts the problems of destiny no one could give an adequate idea in any fewer words than he himself, that is, without quoting the whole book.

But to most people the most startling revelation of all will be that of which I spoke in the beginning, the revelation of Maeterlinck as a prophet of joy. As his mysticism is revealing itself as but an extension of the normal, as his fatalism is seen to be conceived as conquerable by character, so his tragedy shows itself to be not inconsistent with a philosophy of life that is essentially a philosophy of joy. *The Wisdom of the Happy* might have been the title of the book.

Let me quote a few passages, of various drift,—idle as it is to attempt to judge this book by its fragments:

> Consciousness of self with the greatest of men implies consciousness up to a point of their star or their destiny. They are aware of some part of their future, because they have already become part of their future.
>
> Let us always remember that nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves.
>
> In happiness there are far more regions unknown than in misfortune.
>
> We must beware lest there enter our soul certain parasitic virtues. And renouncement, often, is only a parasite.
>
> It is not by renouncing the joys that are near us that we shall grow wise; but as we grow wise we unconsciously abandon the joys that now are beneath us. Even so does the child, as years come to him, give up one by one without thinking the games that have ceased to amuse.
>
> Let the tomb have its stagnant wisdom, but let there be wisdom also for the hearth where the fire still burns.
>
> There is a courage of happiness as well as a courage of sorrow. It may even be true that permanent happiness calls for more strength in man than permanent sorrow.

What still newer surprise Maeterlinck may have for us in his next book cannot be predicted. Meanwhile, let us quit talking, and listen to a master.

Richard Hovey.

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A VOICE FROM THE GHETTO *

It was grief that drew the song of poetry from the heart-strings of Johanna Ambrosius; misery keyed the soul of Ada Negri to the highest tension, and there swelled out the factory symphony; and it was poverty, unyielding and oppressive, that lifted the voice of Morris Rosenfeld out of the sweat-shop monotone of the needle. Untaught, with only the acute consciousness of self-sacrifice, each found the fullest expression of individual affliction in the glory of verse. With the German peasant woman it was home that thrilled her to the burst of melody; with Negri it was a life throbbing to be free; with Rosenfeld it was the infinite capacity for toil that quickened into life the song of the Ghetto.

Before the gates of the *Judengasse* were battered down, and toleration blazed the way of the Israelite, the cry from the Ghetto was never the wail of poverty. Hebraic communism had seen its worthiest and most characteristic interpretation in the social relations of the Jew. It made the pauper an impossibility among the chosen. But there came a time when the barriers to the free world went down, never to be raised again; when the light of the whole universe streamed before the Hebrew and his path was wherever he chose. The reign of peace in the Ghetto was ended. A new life, harsher perhaps than the restraint of confinement, and prophetic of sterner affliction than persecution, awakened the Jew to the full realisation of the possibilities of universalism. Then poverty pinched his cheek, gnawed at his stomach and the Jew realised that he was feeling a new sensation.

The racial tendency to concentrate was strong. Perhaps it was the threatened disintegration of the nation that made her people rally again. Then came "Yiddish," strangest and most picturesque of the dialects of the world, without a country, almost without a grammar, impoverished, despised and transitory. It was like the gabardine in the days of affliction. No speech was ever so handicapped. Small wonder is it, then, that it never attained the dignity of literature; that the few crumbs of the prevailing tongue fed it during its weary existence through the centuries and could only transmit the legend of a peculiar people.

It is the first true poetic note of that jargon that Morris Rosenfeld sounds in America. He gives it tone and permanency and art. It is a remarkable performance, these songs of the Ghetto tailor. It is monumental, marking a distinct advance in what was hitherto commonplace story. A singer has arisen, schooled in the bitter school of adversity, with high sincerity of purpose, and deep religious sense. When he writes, it is the voice of the heart that has known the pang of hunger and the shiver of isolation. The peasant woman who thrilled her own people, and whose song was echoed by a great nation, did not have the rich heritage of this Jew of the New York Ghetto. With Rosenfeld it is the finished song of ages that finds its artistic maturity in the strain of the toiler. It is the voice stifled through many years, developed and in turn compressed, and at last finding vent for its tragic feeling. The tighter the thumb-screw, the keener the pain, the more intense the appreciation of faith. It was so when the tragedy of Israel was being enacted; it is so when poverty wrings the soul of Rosenfeld.

There is never defiance; not even remorse. The air is thick with the dust of the shop, and all around is the whirr of machines and the metallic rasp of the needles. The head grows weary; the heart is sad. It is the old song of the shirt. But with Rosenfeld there is never hopelessness. Through the murky atmosphere there is the glimmer of hope, and it bursts full-fledged and radiant into the light of content. Rosenfeld embodies in his work the full comprehension of poverty; the woe of a terribly impecunious existence. Rosenfeld is not a national poet, he does not sound the national note. He has the gloom of Israel and none of the splendour. Mighty

*Songs from the Ghetto. By Morris Rosenfeld, with Prose Translation, Glossary and Introduction by Prof. Leo Wiener. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

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masters in the brave days of old caught up that first note of David, and carried it on irresistibly through all the ages of oppression. It was a flood of song that bore on its breast the message of Israel, and it was peace.

Rosenfeld does not personify the marvellous adaptability of his people to circumstance. When the Hebrew felt the persecutor's lash, he thanked Jehovah that he was poor. He remembered, perhaps, the Talmudic injunction, that poverty befitted the Israelite. Rather the bed of thorns when the purse was empty, than the downy couch when gold was plentiful, and the greedy hand to filch it. The material instinct was never hereditary. It was born out of the instinct of self-preservation.

Rosenfeld's song of labour suggests combining with it pathetic symbolism. If he found the harp of Israel upon the willow, he tuned it to attrition. Done into English prose and literary German, the work is estimated. To the admirable arrangement of Prof. Leo Wiener, there is due no small measure of praise. In the original "Yiddish," it is a guttural chant, often irritating, never attractive. In its translated form there is much that is musical. At times there is majesty of tone; even a semblance to grace. Rosenfeld runs the whole keyboard of emotions. He is at variance with his own moods. He cries out, and his own cry startles him. He never knows the angry protest, but he grows eloquent in his subdued refrain. He does not rant, but his wail is piercing. It is never humility, but it is often restraint.

In the "Songs of Labour," poverty is uncompromising. Rosenfeld sees only the angry gleam in the eye of the boss; the tick of the clock in the shop becomes the noisy clanging of the trip-hammer. He likens his comrades unto slaves of the needle, and poverty has forged the chains that bind them all. There is suffering in this grind. Nothing in the first group of poems is more impressive than "A Tear on the Iron." It is heavy with the sweat-shop oppression. Rosenfeld sings in this strain:

> Oh cold and dark is the shop! I hold the iron, stand and press;—my heart is weak, I groan and cough—my sick breast scarcely heaves.
>
> I groan and cough and press and think; my eye grows damp, a tear falls; the iron is hot; my little tear, it seethes and seethes, and will not dry up.
>
> I feel no strength, it is all used up; the iron falls from my hand, and yet the tear, the silent tear, the tear, the tear boils more and more.
>
> My head whirls, my heart breaks, I ask in woe: "Oh, tell me, my friend in adversity and pain, O tear, why do you not dry up in seething?
>
> "Are you perhaps a messenger, and announce to me that other tears are coming? I should like to know it; say, when will the great woe be ended?"
>
> I should have asked more and more of the Unrest, the turbulent tear; but suddenly there began to flow more tears, tears without measure, and I at once understood that the river of tears is very deep.

Rosenfeld's songs of labour suggest Thomas Hood, only with the Ghetto singer the tear wells up; with Hood it remains in the heart.

But the nightingale sings even in the sweat-shop. The tender voice of nature calls through the gloom, and the soul of the tailor is wafted through the springtime upon the breath of flowers and the fragrance of the fields. The monotone of the needle ceases, and there is the chirp of birds; he feels the throbbing of life and action; it is exquisitely sweet and soul-entrancing melody that shakes his bosom, and then he sings the song of gladness. Each moment is golden. Then comes up the chill of poverty; the wing of fancy is clipped, and the poet drops to desolate earth again.

Rosenfeld's Jew looks at happiness through the eyes of another. His laughter is not real. If the stars twinkle, and the moon beams gloriously, there is behind it all the significance of his own misfortune. He is keenly alive to the pathos of his people, and with them he shares the long cherished dream of the Holy Land. It is the beacon of hope; the guiding star in the wilderness of trouble. It holds out the grateful shade of the cedars of Lebanon. It is life and faith.

After all, Rosenfeld is only a singer in Israel. There have been many before him, and as long as the race preserves its individuality so long will its music go up. It may be the song of gladness; it may be the chant of the mourner's *Kaddish*; but it is seldom Rosenfeld's cry of poverty. *I. F. Marcosson.*

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NEAR THE FORUM OF TRAJAN

In Rome, as I look from my lattice
And lean to the night,
Where the living sleep, still as the dead are
All in the sunlight.

The dead are awake mid our resting
Beneath the pale moon.
I arise, and will walk with their numbers,
Dawn rises so soon.

I hear the bell voices together
Crash into strange sound—
"I, Trajan, am cold." "I, Aurelius,
Lie stiff in the ground."

"Grey Cassius sleeps long, and grim Brutus,
Proud Cæsar is dead":
Thus the voices of time in their singing
Roll over my head.

O spirits that throng me and whisper
In desolate street,
O souls that so follow and mock me,
You laugh and repeat:

"Who is he that shouts into silence
More lone that the dead?
Who says he would walk with our numbers
With echoing tread?

"Who would join in a world so immortal,
Yet touches no hand?
Why comes he, the child of the sunlight,
To our haunted land?

"Would he know of our power and ambition,
The worth of it all?
Let him seek the gold palace of Nero
And read on its wall.

"Let him look for our loves and desires
In the Palace of Kings,
Then bid him go hence with his living
That tortures and stings.

"He is the ghost who would haunt us
With dream of past light;
Drive him back to his kind in the sunshine
And leave us the night."

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

UNTAMABLE ENEMY

Should I profane you with a kiss,
Even upon your lips or cheek?
To love you so would be to miss
The something deeper which I seek.

Should I possess you with a ring,
Bind all your being with its gold?
Something of love's best winnowing,
Would be less mine to have and hold.

Should I retain you in my thought,
Let meditation solace me
For losing what I had not sought?
I should not hear the melody
Which now is in the dawn, and where
The wintry places are, and set
Through upper currents of the air
And in heart chambers of regret.

You are my music; and for these—
The ungiven kiss, the ring not mine,
The shut thought, all my silences—
These are my music's perfect sign.

My music ends not with my end,
But is renewed beyond all fears;
Lives in new souls, which apprehend
The fine, indomitable years.

So I profane you with no kiss,
Even upon your lips or cheek;
To love you so would be to miss
The something deeper which I seek.

May Olcott.

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A NEW LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE*

A book which has been so much praised by such high authorities, comes into any individual's hands with something of defiance and superiority. Mr. Lee's work is a useful book, no doubt, but to the mind of the present writer few productions in serious criticism of the past few years have been more overpraised.

The author has science on the brain, with the result that his volume contains the strength of scientific investigation and the weakness of scientific bugaboos. He is enamoured of horse-sense, but horse-sense is sometimes as elusive as a mare's nest. It is not always that a plain "come-off-the-perch-I-am-talking-facts" style is an absolute guarantee of a conspiracy between the writer and the Deity. Mr. Lee is conscientious in labelling his guesses with pretty names and contrary guesses with names anything but flattering, but it may be at least an amusing enterprise to estimate his results with a disregard of his labels.

It may be said with comparative safety that no existing life of Shakespeare has more statements that are probably true set down with more coherence. The comparative number of statements probably untrue will be a more difficult estimate. The book will inevitably be of the greatest interest to special scholars, for it is founded on eighteen years of study in Elizabethan literature, and in the corresponding period in other countries, by a man who is thoroughly trained in biographical methods. For the general reader it will be useful also, but surely far less illuminating, far less creatively true, however more exact in questions of the slightest moment, than the noble work by Professor Brandes, published in English last year.

More than a third of the book is devoted to the sonnets, since Mr. Lee is violently possessed of a theory, namely, that there is no autobiographical significance in them, but merely a conventional indulgence in that form of exercise to flatter a patron. The most expert scholars are still quarrelling over the identity of "W. H." Mr. Lee is bitterly opposed to the William Herbert theory. "The sole autobiographical impression deducible from the sonnets, is that at one time in his career Shakespeare disdained no weapon of flattery in an endeavour to monopolise the bountiful patronage of a young man of rank." This young man is the Earl of Southampton. In the face of conflicting evidence, all taken together being too slight for a sane man to reach a dogmatic conclusion upon, Mr. Lee says there is evidence to "prove" that the dedication was written by Thomas Thorpe to a publisher, William Hall. Mr. Lee's language is throughout unfortunate. His guess may be as good as anybody's, but he has a way of concluding that a matter is "proved" or undoubted which confuses the reader who has not been presented with anything approaching proof.

In other parts of the book it is the same. Science and common sense—always science and common sense. For instance, he is troubled by the tendency men have shown to see Shakespeare in his plays. Of the latest placid comedies he says: "But the commonly accepted theory that traces to this change of time a corresponding development in the author's own emotions, ignores the objectivity of Shakespeare's dramatic work." No, that is not scientific, but this is: "The serenity of meditative romance was more in harmony with the fifth decade of his years than with the second or third." You will notice that this distinction is final. Again, although he is severe with people who draw biographical inferences contrary to his from the text, he finds a reference to the poet's own experience in the Duke's remark to Viola, that the woman should take an elder than herself; a reference to some naughty doing of his own in Prospero's warning to Ferdinand to wait for the ceremony; and others of the sort, some doubtful, others indisputable, but all showing the impossibility of getting away from the most real source of information about Shakespeare, internal evidence. There is no reason to regret

*A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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that Mr. Lee has not done once again what Professor Brandes has done so well, but it is well to remember, when ploughing through interminable academic sloughs, that he who would be to the world at large the most convincing biographer of Shakespeare must have a great imagination—which Brandes has and Lee has not. The man who has taken the *Academy's* prize has industry, which is valuable, but he is more militant than judicial.

For the general reader some of the most convenient and interesting chapters are those in the back of the book, giving a bibliography and a brief, clear sketch of Shakespeare's posthumous reputation in various countries. In the appendix, beside a lot about sonnets in England and in the countries, are chapters of information on the sources of biographical knowledge and on Shakespearean forgeries; and whatever may be thought of the biography as a constructive piece of criticism, there is no doubt of the exceptional value of many of its parts. *N. H.*

WOLF THOMPSON AND HIS WILD ANIMALS*

I had boarded a car with a copy of *Wild Animals I Have Known* for company. Soon I was deep in the story of "Bingo." I had reached the thrilling point where the trapper of wolves was himself, in an unlucky moment of heedlessness, caught across the hand by one trap, and firmly staked to the ground when the iron jaws of another closed tight on his left foot. The situation was a terrible one—

"What would become of me now? There was not much danger of freezing, for the cold weather was over, but Kennedy's Plain was never visited, excepting by the winter wood-cutters. No one knew where I had gone, and unless I could manage to free myself there was no prospect ahead but to be devoured by wolves, or else die of cold and starvation——"

Just then I had to close the book and step from the car. A few moments later found me in Mr. Thompson's studio, and when he entered I experienced a positive relief. I told him of the critical situation I had just left him in, and he smiled grimly. "That was a narrow escape," he said, looking at his right hand, across the knuckles of which I could still see the marks of the wolf trap.

The incident illustrates the convincing realism of these stories, which, though true and actual narratives of personal adventure and experience, are related with a fine sense of proportion and selection, and are conceived with an imaginative force that finds expression in art of a high order. On every hand Mr. Thompson has received tributes to his art from men whose close study and research in the same field give them the right to judge, and whose admiration for his achievement is measured by their knowledge of Nature.

I found the author of *Wild Animals* (as I had been led to expect from the self-restraint shown in his pages) very modest about his work; he felt rather absorbed at the encomiums which it had elicited, and began to tell me of the trappers and mountaineers he knew, whose adventures would make his recitals pale were they to put theirs in print. "But they never will," he said. "You cannot

*Wild Animals I Have Known, and 200 Drawings. By Ernest Seton Thompson. Being the personal histories of Lobo, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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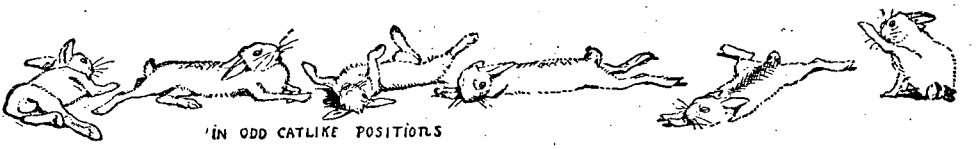

'IN ODD CATLIKE POSITIONS

by any means get them to talk about themselves. The life of solitude and the lack of social intercourse have decivilised and repressed their natures. It is the tendency of living too much with Nature to become silent, and to remain dumb concerning all that one learns from her." And yet it remains to be said that while hundreds might recount their strange and exciting encounters with Nature in its wildness, only one here and there would possess the art to add the charm which captivates the ear and enthrals the willing listener.

Mr. Thompson never guessed that he had anything to say that would be worth reading until on one occasion he happened to be present at a gathering where the members began "swapping" stories, and upon his relating the story of old Lobo, the gigantic wolf king of Currumpaw in Northern New Mexico, and how he came to capture him after every attempt had failed, he was urged to write it out and send it to *Scribner's*. He did so rather sceptically, but the result was that this story formed the nucleus of the book which is now published. This was in 1894. The cordial way in which this work has been received by critics and public alike, and the steadily increasing sale of the book, is all a surprise to the author, but it is also a great satisfaction —especially to Mrs. Thompson, who is herself an acute critic and a staunch believer in her husband's work. Charming indeed as these tales are, the attractiveness of the book is due quite as much to Mrs. Thompson's artistic taste and skill in decoration. The marginal drawings are quaintly arranged, and the whole make-up of the book, the credit for which belongs chiefly to her, has an originality and grace which at once hold the eye.

It will be observed that Mr. Thompson uses the significant sub-title: "Being the Personal Histories of Lobo," etc. An extract from his "Note to the Reader" will suffice to show his method of treatment and point of view:

> These stories are true. Although I have left the strict line of historical truth in many places, the animals in this book were all real characters. They lived the lives I have depicted, and showed the stamp of heroism and personality more strongly by far than it has been in the power of my pen to tell.
>
> I believe that natural history has lost much by the vague general treatment that is so common. What satisfaction would be derived from a ten-page sketch of the habits and customs of man? How much more profitable it would be to devote that space to the life of some one great man! This is the principle I have endeavoured to apply to my animals. The real personality of the individual and his view of life are my theme, rather than the ways of the race in general as viewed by a casual and hostile eye.

Not every one who sets out to achieve a certain end is successful in compassing it, but it may be said without reservation that Mr. Thompson, whatever may be his own disappointment, has more than realised the difficult task of interesting us in the lives of his wild animals as a biographer or romancer would interest us in the case of a great man or an imagined life. Whether it be the circumvention of the wily wolf, Lobo; the canine sagacity and marvellous intelligence of his dog Bingo; the amusing and pathetic escapades of Raggylug, the little Cottontail rabbit; the savage depredations of the double-lived sheep dog Wully; the unfailing mother-love of Vixen the fox, or any of the other strange and wonderful animal histories in the book, they come from the imagination of the writer and artist invested with a profound significance. "Man has nothing that the animals have not at least a vestige of, the animals have nothing that man does not in some degree share." The heroism, the tragedy, the long suffering of the animal world are brought home to us with the most terrible and convincing force. Deeper than the mere story lies a truth which links man to the brute, and appeals to that sense of kinship in the brotherhood of all living things created which is a solemn re-

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"MAMMY! MAMMY!" HE SCREAMED, IN MORTAL TERROR.

From "Wild Animals I Have Known." Copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

minder of the patient and earnest expectation of the creature.

But the same careful and sympathetic observation that pierces this secret; that has revealed these wild animals to us with a knowledge and actuality never before approached in this manner, has been allied with a gentle humour that has not lost sight of the playful side of animal life. No more entertaining stories of wild animals have ever been written. It is difficult to prefer one to another, but the gem of the collection to us is the story of Raggylug. The life of a wild animal, the author tells us, always has a tragic end. But we should never have forgiven him if the little Cottontail had been doomed to such a death in the story. One of the most delightful incidents in the whole book is the adventure that befel the baby bunny, admirably pictured by Mr. Thompson in the above illustration.

These illustrations, by the way, are as wonderful in their interpretation of animal life as are the stories. Take this one, for example, which we have reproduced. If you examine it closely, you will find that the terror manifested by the little bunny is an expression of the

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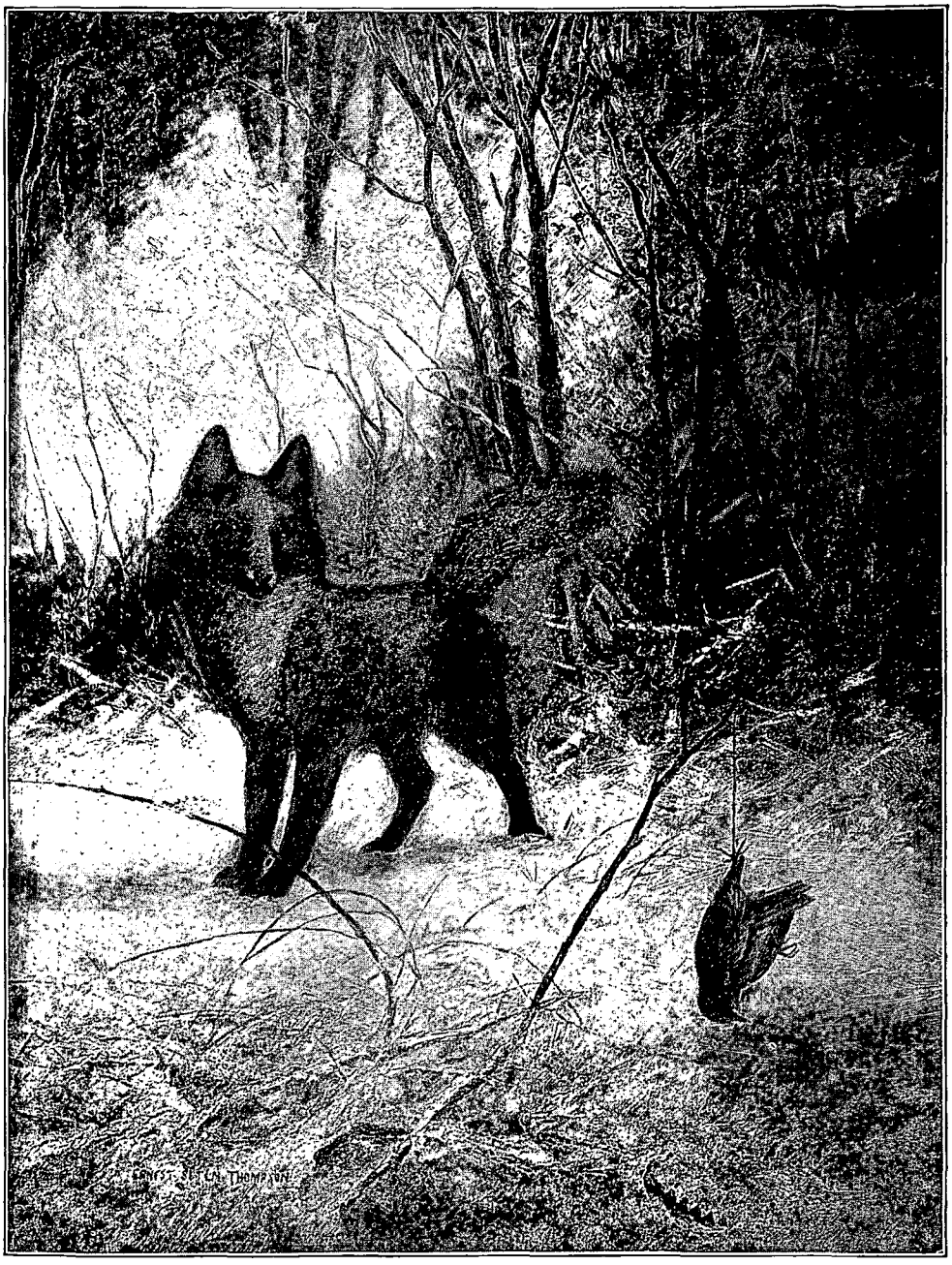

FOXY!

Drawn by Ernest Seton Thompson for "Recreation," May, 1897. By permission of Mr. G. O. Shields.

emotion peculiar to the brute creation. One great defect in drawing birds or animals under emotion is that the expression is invariably *humanised*.

In *Wild Animals*, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have made a contribution to literature that will be of never-failing interest to all "children between the ages of eight and eighty," as Mr. Beecher used to put it, and that will make every reader who has a soul their debtor for many a long day.

James MacArthur.

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THE MAD TEA-PARTY, IN WHICH ALICE SITS DOWN WITH THE HARE, THE DORMOUSE AND THE HATTER.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" ON THE STAGE

An enterprising theatrical manager in London has revived a dramatic version of *Alice's Adventures* and *Through the Looking Glass*, which was originally produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre on December 23d, 1886. Mr. Savile-Clarke, a well-known journalist, made the adaptation, and the play was a great success. It was again produced at the Royal Globe Theatre in December, 1888, when "Alice" was played by Miss Isa Bowman, between whom and Lewis Carroll there sprang up a lasting friendship. Last Christmas the operetta made its reappearance at the Opera Comique, with the result that it has become the most popular entertainment for children in London town. It was characteristic of Lewis Carroll that the only condition which he made when giving his sanction to the dramatisation was that there should be "no *suggestion* even of coarseness in libretto or in stage business. Since the original production appeared, Mr. Savile-Clarke as well as Lewis Carroll has "set his feet upon the ways of Wonderland." The scenes represented from *Alice* at the Opera Comique are reproduced from photographs taken by the London Stereoscopic Company.

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HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

THE DUCHESS.

THE MOCK TURTLE, ALICE AND THE GRYPHON.

SCENES FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AT THE OPERA COMIQUE, LONDON.

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Lewis Carroll.

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"THE MAN WHO LOVED LITTLE CHILDREN"*

After reading the pages which contain the intimate life of one who endeared himself to countless children during his lifetime, and whose memory will be kept green as long as *Alice in Wonderland* remains a child's classic in literature, one's mind travels back to those notes in his Diary and to those passages in his letters which reflect the spirit of Him who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." On one occasion we find this entry in his Diary: "Spent the afternoon in sending off seventy circulars to hospitals, offering copies of *Alice* and the *Looking Glass* for sick children." In a letter to Miss E. Gertrude Thomson

*The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson). By Stuart Dodgson Collingwood. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

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whose drawings excited his keen admiration, he writes in the same strain: "I have been distributing copies to all the hospitals and convalescent homes I can hear of, where there are sick children capable of reading them, and though, of course, one takes some pleasure in the popularity of the books elsewhere, it is not nearly so pleasant a thought to me as that they may be a comfort and relief to children in hours of pain and weariness." It seems to us that no name could fit the man so well, or could be so well deserved as that which one of his admirers gave him: "The man who loved little children."

The fame which came to Lewis Carroll as an author arose from his attitude toward children, and the strong attraction they had for him. His biographer has rightly divined the secret of this beautiful side of his character and the charm which his personality and his work had for children in the strong and tender love which he had for them. Has not Lewis Carroll himself expressed this in that beautiful verse in *Sylvie and Bruno*, which, trite though it be, we cannot forbear to quote here:

Say, whose is the skill that paints valley and hill,
Like a picture so fair to the sight?
That flecks the green meadow with sunshine and shadow,
Till the little lambs leap with delight?
'Tis a secret untold to hearts cruel and cold,
Though 'tis sung by the angels above,
In notes that ring clear for the ears than can hear,
And the name of the secret is Love!

Very touching in its self-revelation is the passage from a letter which he wrote to the Rev. F. H. Atkinson, accompanying a copy of *Alice* for his little daughter Gertrude. After referring to the "ridiculous message" which little Gertrude had sent him, he goes on to say: "I think the most precious message of the kind I ever got from a child I never saw (and never shall see in this world), was to the effect that she liked me when she read about Alice; 'but please tell him, whenever I read that Easter letter he sent me I *do* love him!' She was in a hospital, and a lady friend who visited there had

JOHN RUSKIN IN 1870.

From a photograph by Lewis Carroll. Copyright, 1899, by The Century Co.

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GEORGE MACDONALD IN 1870.

From a photograph by Lewis Carroll. Copyright, 1899, by The Century Co.

asked me to send the letter to her and some other sick children."

Children appealed to Lewis Carroll, because he was pre-eminently a teacher, and he saw in their unspoiled minds the best material for him to work upon. Again, children appealed to his æsthetic faculties, for he was a keen admirer of the beautiful in every form. His intense admiration and adoration for the white innocence and uncontaminated spirituality of childhood emerges most clearly in *Sylvie and Bruno*, where he dwells constantly on the gentleness, the pity, the sincerity, and the love of his heroine. But more than all else, the reality of childhood appealed strongly to the simplicity and genuineness of his own nature. We believe with Mr. Collingwood that he understood children even better than he understood men and women—he saw more of the Divine in the child than in the man. And this quality of childlikeness in his own soul perpetually renewed his youth even under the moments of depression and feebleness of age which overtook him, so that to his friends he never seemed an

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LORINA, ALICE AND EDITH LIDDELL.

From a photograph by Lewis Carroll. Copyright, 1899, by The Century Co.

old man. "How wonderfully young your brother looks!" were the first words the physician said, as he returned from the room where Lewis Carroll's body lay, to speak to the mourners downstairs. And so his love and friendship for children was the true source of his perennial youth and unflagging vigour.

Lewis Carroll's first child friend seems to have been Miss Alice Liddell (now Mrs. Hargreaves), whose innocent prattle was one of the chief pleasures of his early life at Oxford, and to whom he told the tale that was to make him famous. The first reference which we find to this important event is recorded in an entry in his Diary dated July 4th, 1862: "I made an expedition *up* the river to Godstow with the three Liddells; we had tea on the bank there, and did not reach Christ Church till half-past eight. . . . On which occasion I told them the fairy-tale of *Alice's Adventures Underground*, which I undertook to write out for Alice." This entry may be supplemented by turning to the verses with which he prefaced *Alice in Wonderland*. Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, the immortalised "Alice" has given this account of the scene:

> Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow, near Oxford. My eldest sister, now Mrs. Skene, was "Prima." I was "Secunda," and "Tertia" was my sister Edith. I believe the beginning of *Alice* was told one summer afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows down the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here from all three came the old petition of "Tell us a story," and so began the ever-delightful tale. Sometimes to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, "And that's all till next time." "Ah, but it is next time," would be the exclamation from all three; and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay.

As will be seen from the above entry, the original name of the story was *Alice's Adventures Underground*. Later he changed it to *Alice's Hour in Elfland*, but finally on June 18th, 1864, two years later, he fixed on the title which the book now bears: *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. When he promised to write out the story for Miss Alice Liddell, he had no thought of publication, but his friend, Dr. George MacDonald, persuaded him to submit it to a publisher. The story of Mrs. MacDonald's reading the manuscript to her children and the effect it had on them has already been told in THE BOOKMAN. The Messrs. Macmillan agreed to publish it, and through the kind offices of Tom Taylor, an artist who was pre-eminently *con amore* with the work was found for the illustrations in Tenniel. Three years to a day after that memorable row up the river, Miss

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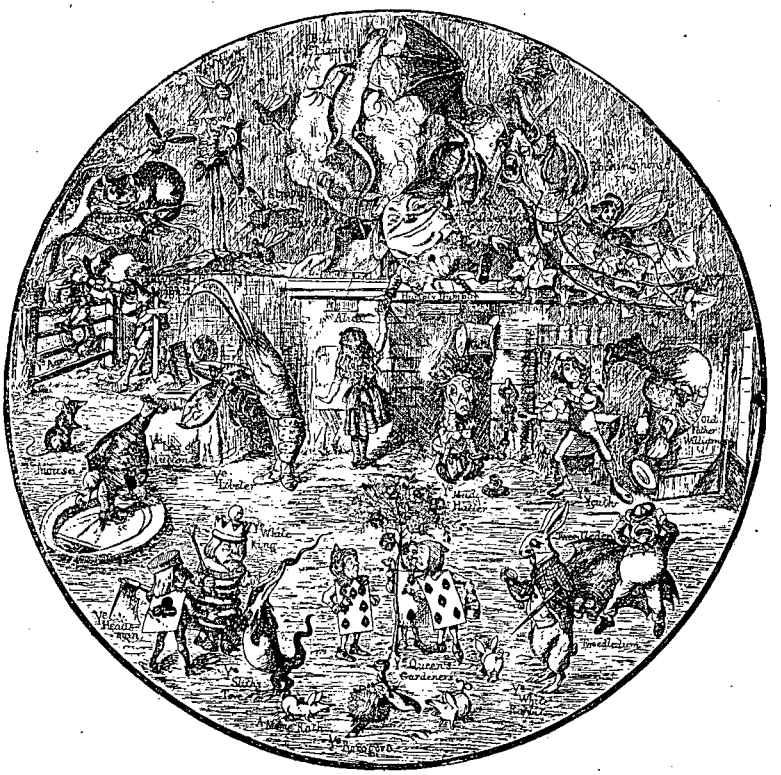

MEDLEY OF TENNIEL'S ILLUSTRATIONS IN "ALICE."

From an etching by Miss Whitehead; used as a theatrical advertisement.

Alice Liddell received the first presentation copy of *Alice in Wonderland*. It seemed as if the book were to have an inauspicious beginning, for the whole of the first edition, consisting of two thousand copies, was recalled, both author and illustrator uniting to condemn it, for the pictures failed to come out well. But the untoward event proved anything but disastrous. Instead of entailing a considerable loss on the new edition as the author anticipated, it was taken up rapidly, and edition after edition was demanded, while hardly a dissentient voice was heard among the critics, who were loud in their praises. Only last year the *Pall Mall Gazette* conducted an inquiry into the popularity of children's books, and the verdict pronounced *Alice in Wonderland* to be the winner, with *Through the Looking Glass* lower on the list of twenty.

The idea of *Alice in Wonderland* is the sort of inspiration that seldom comes to a man oftener than once in a lifetime. Nothing, says Mr. Collingwood, which he wrote afterwards had anything like the same amount of freshness, of wit, of real genius. *Through the Looking Glass* which followed it, most closely approached the qualities of the original, and has been almost as great a favourite. An ingenuous comparison of the two books was innocently made by a little girl who was once asked by Lewis Carroll if she had read them. "Oh, yes," she answered, "I've read both of them, and I think"—more slowly and thoughtfully—"I think *Through the Looking Glass* is more stupid than *Alice's Adventures*. Don't you think so?"

Much of Mr. Dodgson's attraction for children, and indeed for grown-up people as well, lay in his quaintness and playful humour; and the continual reference to these characteristics, exhibited in his conduct toward those with whom he was pleased to be intimate, furnishes many pages of good reading in this biography. One such incident happened to

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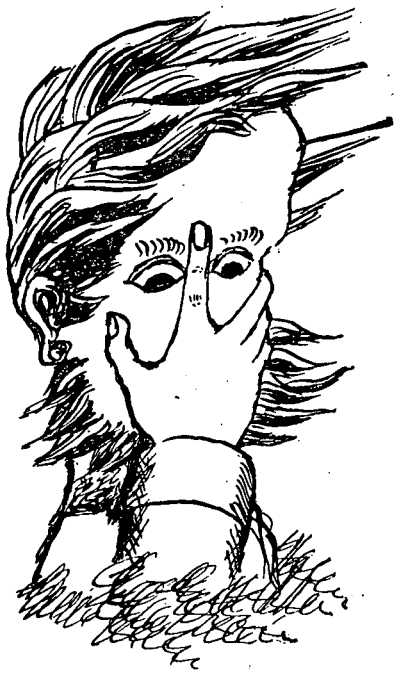
two of Dr. George MacDonald's children whom he encountered one day in a London studio. Lewis Carroll himself relates the scene with evident relish:

"They were a girl and boy, about seven and six years old—I claimed their acquaintance, and began at once proving to the boy, Greville, that he had better take the opportunity of having his head changed for a marble one. The effect was that in about two minutes they had entirely forgotten that I was a total stranger, and were earnestly arguing the question as if we were old acquaintances." Mr. Dodgson urged that a marble head would not have to be brushed and combed. At this the boy turned to his sister with an air of great relief, saying, "Do you hear *that*, Mary? It needn't be combed!" And the narrator adds,



"WHAT I LOOK LIKE WHEN I'M LECTURING."

From a drawing by Lewis Carroll.

"I have no doubt combing, with his great head of long hair, like Hallam Tennyson's, was *the* misery of his life. His final argument was that a marble head couldn't speak, and as I couldn't convince either that he would be all the better for that, I gave in."

It has been the aim of the biographer to let Mr. Dodgson tell his own story as much as possible. Mr. Collingwood is not a Boswell, but he has made excellent use of his uncle's diary and correspondence; and his affectionate biography, though not impartial, is all the more pleasant for that, and perhaps all the more true. It is full of good reading; not a story of a life that is especially invigourating or inspiring, but one which yields pleasure, and from which the lovable nature of the man, who was the friend of so many little children and so many good women, shines with the white radiance of an unspoiled soul. Mr. Dodgson was singularly fortunate in his friends, and the repeated glimpses which we get of well-known personalities—Tennyson, for example—are delightful and well worth having. Many of these he photographed, for this was one of his hobbies, and quite a number of interesting groups and figures reproduced from his photographs are scattered through the pages of the book.

It was in the year 1857 that he made the acquaintance of Tennyson, for whose poetry he had an intense admiration. His description of the poet's appearance is very graphic:

A strange shaggy-looking man; his hair, moustache, and beard looked wild and neglected; these very much hid the character of the face. He was dressed in a loosely fitting morning coat, common grey flannel waistcoat and trousers, and a carelessly tied black silk neckerchief. His hair is black; I think the eyes too; they are keen and restless—nose aquiline—forehead high and broad—both face and head are fine and manly. His manner was kind and friendly from the first; there is a dry lurking humour in his style of talking.

Two years later he visited Tennyson at Farringford. "After dinner," he says, "we retired for about an hour to the smoking-room where I saw the proof-sheets of the *King's Idylls*, but he would not let me read them." Again he writes:

Tennyson told us he had often dreamed long passages of poetry, and believed them to be good at the time, though he could never remember them after waking, except four lines which he dreamed at ten years old:

May a cock sparrow
Write to a barrow?
I hope you'll excuse
My infantile muse;

—which, as an unpublished fragment of the Poet Laureate, may be thought interesting, but not affording much promise of his after powers.

He also told us he once dreamed an enormously long poem about fairies, which began with very long lines that gradually got shorter, and ended with fifty or sixty lines of two syllables each!

Ruskin he also knew and photographed. Several friends had begged

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him for copies of this photograph, and Mr. Dodgson wrote to Mr. Ruskin for leave to comply with their entreaties. "Buy Number 5 of *Fors Clavigera* for 1871," was the reply; "which will give you your answer." But this did not suit Mr. Dodgson, so he wrote again, "Can't afford tenpence!" Mr. Ruskin finally gave his consent.

Every one who saw Mr. Dodgson's photographs admired them, but his drawings were in no way remarkable. Ruskin, whose advice he sought and valued on this point, told him that he had not enough talent to make it worth his while to devote much time to sketching. The drawing which we give below figures as his earliest effort on record, and was drawn by him while at Rugby, in illustration of a letter received from one of his sisters. Later, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, he amused himself during his holidays by editing various short-lived magazines which were circulated in his own family, the most ambitious of which was *The Rectory Umbrella*. Several examples of the contents are given in the book, the best of them being a parody on Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, with accompanying illustrations in caricature. His clever aptitude in this direction was recognised by some admiring friends, through whom for a time he contributed a number of comic poems and pictures to several funny periodicals in 1856-57.

We have read the biography with the utmost care, and yet it must be confessed that the personality of Mr. Dodgson or "Lewis Carroll," is as elusive as one of his own mathematical problems. One thing, however, his history makes plain, and that is that there was no such extraordinary divergence of disposition and habit between the "Lewis Carroll" of *Alice in Wonderland* and the Charles Lutwidge Dodgson of the *Determinants* and the *Algebraical Geometry* as is popularly supposed. His was most emphatically not a "dual personality." The separation was arbitrary and of his own choice. He would not have the names identified—that was all. The taste for quips and cranks of logic, for curious and tantalising puzzles, for the grotesqueries of scientific imagination, is the form in which humour and fancy, in almost any mathematician, find their natural expression. It is the obverse of his special talent.

Weaknesses Mr. Dodgson had unquestionably, but men are not always

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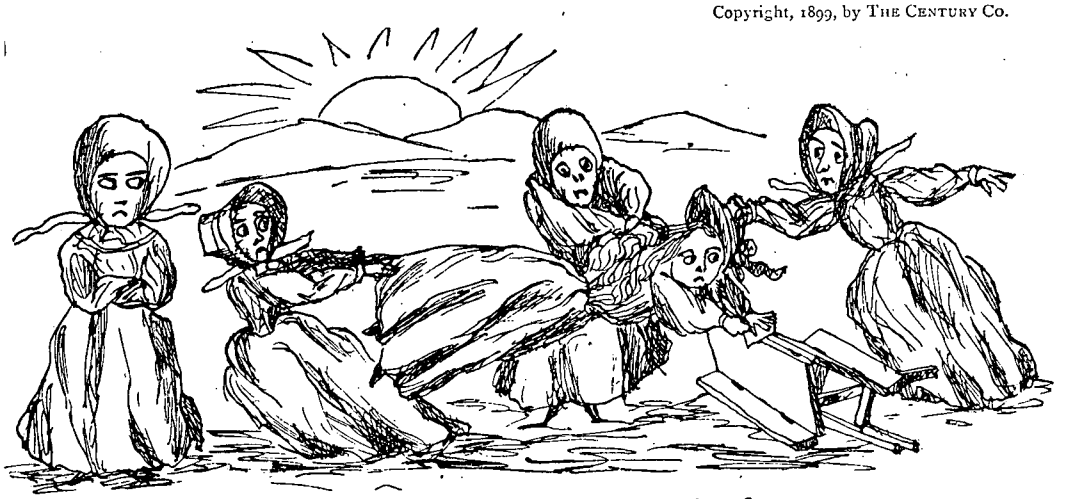

The only sister who would write to her brother, though the table had got "[illegible] done"! The other sisters are depicted "sternly resolved" "to set off to "Walnaby & the Castle," tho' it is yet "early early morning" —— Rembrandt.

From a drawing by Lewis Carroll.

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least lovable in their weakest moods. Even a strong man likes to play with his work occasionally, and if Lewis Carroll made the play the foremost thing, we may not be the better informed, but we are much the happier for it. And if his own day and generation remembered him without stint for the sake of "Alice," there is no likelihood that the name of Lewis Carroll will be neglected by posterity while her adventures continue to people the fairyland of fancy for the little children. Not any life of Lewis Carroll, but *Alice in Wonderland* will secure the name of its author from oblivion.

J. M.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE SENIOR WRANGLER

No. 214 was entitled in the catalogue "Portrait of Miss H." The initiated knew that the "H." stood for Howard. They knew further that Miss Howard was the immensely clever young woman who had won the European Fellowship at her Alma Mater, had then distinguished herself at Newnham as Senior Wrangler, and finally had just returned to America to accept a professorship at one of the strongest coeducational institutions of the West.

This portrait of Miss H. was by the celebrated Denson Abbott, and it was voted the success of the Portrait Exhibition. The people gathered about it in groups and discussed the art of the painter, his masterly touch, his brush work and his colour; they also waxed warm over the discussion of the Higher Education of Women, Coeducation, Senior Wranglers, and other kindred topics. There, hanging on a wall covered with resplendent bells of society, the fine, thoughtful face of the young professor compelled attention. It was not a beautiful face, and yet one wondered if it might not have been, had not the artist known that he was painting a Senior Wrangler. It was a rarely distinguished subject, a rarely intellectual and forceful woman. People thought that it was so satisfying, so complete, they found in it just what they had expected to find. The lady herself felt a bit overawed when she looked at it. Also certain wistful lines appeared about her mouth.

On the afternoon of the private view, at which double the usual fee had been asked and readily obtained, the artist started to accompany the subject of his portrait across the Park to her home. The weather had been sulking for a week past, and now the nearly conquered fog clung at bay among the trees in the distance. The encircling edge of this blue-grey curtain contrasted exquisitely with the pale gold of the winter twilight. It was delightful to see the sun again, to feel a crispness and vitality again in the air; it was especially delightful after the heated atmosphere of the Galleries. For a while they walked along in silence, resting with relief in the perfect hush of Nature.

A tall, sickly-looking soldier shambled awkwardly by. Then they spoke of the war and its awful mistakes. From that they spoke of the war scene in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, where the doughty poet-warrior makes the hungry soldiers forget their pangs.

"What do you think of the play?" he asked. He was not vitally interested; he had asked lightly, superficially; he had no idea where the conversation would lead them. She paused a minute, and then when she spoke there was a little catch in her voice, hitherto quite unfamiliar to him. Something in the silence of the Park, something in its freedom, something perhaps in the protection of the gathering darkness, made her shake off the trammels of the usual conventional conversation which never even faintly mirrors our real obsessions and longings, and utter something of what really lay in her heart. Perhaps, too, there had been steadily growing in her breast a rebellion against the shallow, half-patronising, half-wondering lionising that the beautiful society belles had bestowed upon her. So she said: "It is immensely interesting, immensely! Only has it occurred to you what an

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enormous nose is necessary to make the situation at all possible?" "I—I think I do not understand," he said.

"Well, at its last analysis, what is the pathos of the situation, unless it be the emotional isolation of the man—his absolute cutting off from what Ibsen has called for us the 'love life'?"

"Yes; surely."

"Well, has it ever occurred to you that the same tragedy is being enacted daily, hourly, only when a woman is a Cyrano she needs no huge proboscis. One might pass her by in a crowd and not look twice at her."

He was interested. "I begin to follow you," he said.

"Do you know," she continued, "as I sat in the theatre the other night I could not but say to myself, what an advantage over us have the men! With them the tragedy—the pathos—of this emotional isolation *is* tragedy; it is immensely effective, moving, poetic. The situation—a man shut off from all that love means, what can be more touching, more terrible? The audience is thrilled. Yet the very same theme, the very theme I say with a woman as the heroine, would be vulgarised, hopelessly. It would be screaming farce. Just fancy for a moment the effect of

Grace à vous, un pantalon a passé dans ma vie,

and you will see at once what I mean. Yet to many women does the saying apply:

Il m'interdit le rêve d'etre aimé."

Although the darkness had slipped in upon them, and only the faintest light strained through the interlacing pines, the artist bent forward and scanned the face of his companion. The scales fell from his eyes. He had painted the Senior Wrangler; he would now paint the woman.

"Come to my studio to-morrow at eleven," he said; "I want to paint your portrait."

She looked up, startled. Seeing that he was in earnest, she said:

"But that other, that—that down there, the portrait you have just finished."

"That," he said contemptuously, "that does not count. To-morrow at eleven."

Annie Nathan Meyer.

LITERARY LONDON

The *Academy* this year has awarded its prizes to Mr. Maurice Hewlett for his *Forest Lovers*, to Mr. Sidney Lee for his *Life of Shakespeare*, and to Mr. Joseph Conrad for his *Tales of Unrest*. The money is in each case well bestowed, but it may be questioned whether the *Academy* has laid down a sufficiently clear rule of adjudication. It asks certain persons which books have most pleased and interested them during the year. Now a book may please and not interest; it may interest and not please, and though it may both please and interest it may not be a great book. One may know a book to be a great book, though it neither pleases them nor interests them so much as other books that one knows to be less. Further, the *Academy* apparently does not recognise the works of men whose reputation is established, and yet, upon the whole, it is a sound principle that the most famous writers do the best work. It would, I think, be better to award the prizes to the new authors who show the most promise, or who have done the best work. Speaking for myself, I think the most memorable work of a new writer I have read during the year is to be found in the last seventy or eighty pages of "Zack's" *Life is Life*. The most serious and important book in *belles-letters* I have seen is Mr. Hardy's *Wessex Poems*. Two or three thoroughly intelligent reviews of this remarkable work have appeared, but many critics seem to have missed the meaning. Mr. Hardy has been obviously influenced in his verse by Shakespeare, in the Sonnets by Browning, and especially so far as mere form goes by his old friend and neighbour, William Barnes, the Dorset poet. Nobody has pointed out, so far as I know, that in his thought he has borrowed much from Heine. Heine has a lightness and a

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grace which Mr. Hardy cannot claim. The English novelist is more resolutely gloomy, and yet perhaps less despairing; he has been able to make for himself some pillow out of the darkness. Some critic might find material for an excellent piece of work in a comparison between Heine and Hardy. I have not been able to lay my hands upon the passage in Hardy's novels in which Heine is referred to, but I am sure there is a passage.

Nevertheless Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Lee, and Mr. Conrad are worthy of their laurels. *The Forest Lovers* has been even more popular with you than in England, but here it has won its way to the discerning, and is being steadily circulated. Some objection has been taken to its so-called fleshliness, but, as a critic who is not likely to be too indulgent on this point said to me, while Mr. Hewlett frankly recognises facts he is never coarse or in the bad sense suggestive. Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* is a little masterpiece. As the editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography* Mr. Lee is in some ways superior even to his predecessor, Mr. Leslie Stephen. He is thoroughly accurate, with a firm grasp of the essential facts, and with a sound, clear, unperturbed judgment. Though not distinguished in his style he is orderly, lucid and always pleasing. The problem of Shakespeare will probably always resist us, but Mr. Lee has made no insignificant contribution towards the clearing of the mystery, and his readers must have found their thoughts about Shakespeare strangely clarified by his workmanlike presentation of all that is really known. Mr. Conrad has been described by a very eminent author as a headachy man, and there is undoubtedly an element of truth in this. But he is a very strong writer, though I doubt whether the *Tales of Unrest* is the best specimen of his work. Mr. Neil Munro pronounces him quite equal in ability to Kipling. As yet he has obtained no great vogue, but there is every promise that he will come to his own at last.

Mr. Benjamin Swift, who has rather disappointed the admirers of *Nancy Noon* by his subsequent productions, has a new novel ready, which is to be called *Siren City*. One authority says that the city is Florence, but I have reason to believe it is Venice,* and that the book is in a measure a description of the differences between Christianity and paganism. If Mr. Swift can retain the strength of his manner and avoid the weakness of his mannerism he may yet do work that will impress the English reading public. Mr. Swift has left Glasgow and come to live in London.

I hear that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been meditating the publication of a small magazine to be called *Personal Opinion*. If this idea is carried out we shall have a parallel to Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Bystander*, the numbers of which are dearly prized by lovers of good English. Mr. Goldwin Smith published the magazine in Toronto, and wrote the whole of it himself. Admirable writing it was—clear, trenchant and picturesque, with a fine Puritan fire running through it.

A discussion is now going on as to the chances of a journalist after the age of forty. The new journalism in England which threatens to overcome the old is mostly in the hands of young men who avow their strong preference for young men as assistants. They say that older men lack pliancy and buoyancy and initiative, and that when a man gets to middle life he becomes stereotyped and settles in a groove. As the new journalism is nothing if not competitive and sensational, men who settle in a groove do not suit it. The older journalists protest indignantly. They say that the years bring experience and knowledge, and that these are among the best qualities of journalism. I venture to think that everything depends on the struggle between the old journalism and the new. If our higher-class papers can be kept up and made to pay, then there is no age limit in journalism. R. H. Hutton and Meredith Townsend of the *Spectator* went on till past seventy; in fact, Mr. Townsend has not quite given over writing even yet. Their place cannot be filled anywhere. But if the competition of the new journalism gradually kills off the old, if people will not read serious periodical literature, and must have everything spicy and sensational,

*The "Siren City" is Naples. See our announcement of Mr. Swift's new novel in the February number, page 509.—Eds.

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then it seems as if only the young man had any great chances in journalism. Let us hope that the better element in our journals will be still preserved. If it is not, young journalists should at least remember their fate and make honey while they may. The clever journalist begins earlier than most professional men, and gets a good income sooner, and he will have to husband it against the years of distress. Some who ought to be good judges prophesy that the new journalism has reached its zenith, and that in England at least we shall return to the older and sounder style. I confess that I am unable to see any signs of this.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LITERARY PARIS

If the melodrama belongs to literature, then French literature has suffered a loss in the death of Adolphe d'Ennery; a moderate loss, though, for the author of *Les Deux Orphelines* was eighty-eight years old, and had been for quite a while unable not simply to write but even to read anything. He was in his time the king of the melodrama in France; he wrote, but hardly ever alone, not far from two hundred plays, and among them a number that had extraordinary runs, *La Grace de Dieu*, for instance, which had its first performance in 1841, and *Les Deux Orphelines*, which belongs to the year 1875, and is nearly as well known in New York as in Paris. Some of his other plays deserve to be remembered, for a while at least; for instance, *Don César de Bazan*, which he wrote with Dumanoir in 1844, a few years after Victor Hugo had given birth to the first Don César in his *Ruy Blas*. Americans will be interested to know that as early as 1853 he dramatised *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and that he was one of the authors of the libretto of *Faust*.

He was a remarkable playwright, and once, at least, his skill as a builder of plots enabled him to render a signal service to literature. Balzac had died before completing his play of *Mercadet*, his dramatic masterpiece. The manuscript was put into the hands of D'Ennery, who first condensed it, making it a three-act instead of a four-act play, and then invented for it a *dénouement* which may or may not be the conclusion Balzac would have found, but certainly fits in an admirable manner the rest of the play. He, however, never allowed his name to appear on the bill together with Balzac's.

Fortune dealt gently with him. He died in affluence, possessed of an estate valued at ten million francs, and under the tender care of his daughter. His wife died only a few months ago, and he is survived by a younger brother of his, now eighty years of age.

I have just mentioned Balzac. His statue will be again in the Salon this year, but not Rodin's Balzac, of course. It is his statue by Falguière, who was ordered to execute it after Rodin's had been rejected by the Société des Gens de Lettres. The great novelist will appear seated this time in a meditating attitude. Of course as soon as the statue is seen the world of art is sure to be divided between Rodinists and Falguièrists.

Alfred de Musset is to have another kind of monument. His old housekeeper, formerly Mademoiselle Adèle Colin, but now Madame Martellet, is about to publish a book of recollections about him. Title: *Dix Ans Chez Alfred de Musset*. It will contain a number of hitherto unpublished lines of the great poet.

Another poet, too, is to be henceforth much better known than formerly. I refer to Gilbert, the author of the celebrated *Adieux à la Vie*. It was known that he had died quite young in a hospital, and it was asserted that poverty was the cause of his last illness and death. Abbé Lafay has just written about him an important volume, his thesis for the degree of Docteur-ès-lettres, in which he shows that poverty had nothing to do with Gilbert's death. He did die, at the age of thirty in 1780, in a hospital; but

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he possessed then an income of 2,200 livres, and the only reason why he was carried to the hospital was that he had become violently insane. One more legend gone!

The French literary world has resumed its usual activity, and I have quite a number of new books to mention. Two novels first, one by Paul Adam, *La Force*, the other by Léon de Tinseau, *Les Péchés des Autres*. Although sin is mentioned on the title-page of the latter, it does not belong to the class of sinful books. It may be placed alongside of *L'Attelage de la Marquise* and *Ma Cousine Pot-au-Feu*, by the same writer. Paul Adam's *La Force* is a stronger book; no pun is intended. It is a novel of the Napoleonic period, with the Emperor and some of his generals among the leading characters.

Mr. J. Ernest Charles sees no occasion for laughter and playful irony in the present condition of Frenchmen. His new book, *Praticiens Politiques* is thoroughly serious. It contains striking portraits of the leading statesmen and politicians of France during the last thirty years—Gambetta, Freycinet, Poincarré, Clémenceau, Deschanel, etc. I beg here to remark that the curious title of the book, *Praticiens Politiques*, is simply a very clever rendering of an English expression with which Americans are quite familiar, perhaps even a trifle more than they would like to be, viz.: *Practical Politicians*.

A new writer, who is much talked of just now, is M. Alcanter de Brahm. He has published a book, *L'Ostensoir des Ironies*, intended to demonstrate that the reader of modern books has to be told when the author intends to be ironical and when not, and he therefore advocates the creation of a new punctuation mark, the *point d'ironie*. This reminds me of a celebrated witticism of a quondam Supérieur of the celebrated Seminary of Saint-Sulpice, which once counted Renan among its students. The Supérieur was criticising a rather poor sermon preached in the morning by one of the theological apprentices. "My friends," he said, "we had this morning a sermon *en trois points: Point de fond, point de forme, point de diction.*"

Anyhow, the adoption of M. De Brahm's idea might complicate rather than simplify matters. No such thing to be feared with M. Antoine Albalat. Like M. De Wogan, of whom I wrote last month, he is decidedly a simplifier. He will teach you *L'Art d'écrire, enseigné en vingt leçons.*

At the present time Coquelin is busily rehearsing the play that will succeed *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which has not yet completed its run, though over one year old. It is to be Bergerat's *Plus que Reine*, of which the chief characters are Josephine and Napoleon. Josephine will be acted by Jane Hading, but who will be Napoleon? The part was to have been taken by an actor by the name of Desjardins. But it is said that Coquelin himself knows the part thoroughly, and that when the first night comes his name will be found on the playbill. *Qui vivra verra.*

There is a good deal of talk about the election to the French Academy of a successor to Edouard Harvé. A new and formidable candidate has just appeared in the person of the young President of the Chamber of Deputies, Paul Deschanel. He will go in (if he does, which now seems very likely) mainly on the strength of his parliamentary speeches. I may here mention that Presidents of French Chambers have often had seats in the Academy, among others Dupin, who was President of the National Assembly from 1849 to 1851; Challemel Lacour, who presided not very long ago over the Senate, and, among the living members, Duc d'Audiffet Pasquier, who was President of the National Assembly in 1875, and of the Senate from its formation to 1879. The chief obstacle to Paul Deschanel's candidacy was his determination not to precede his father in the Academy; but the old professor is beginning to understand that his own chances are not very great; so he urges his son to come forward and points to the two Dumas, the younger of whom only became an immortal, and thus he resigns himself to his fate.

Edouard Rod, who is to lecture before a number of American colleges and universities, sails from Havre on the 18th of February, and should reach New York on the 26th. No other prominent Frenchman of letters seems likely to cross the ocean this year.

Adolphe Cohn.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

So many letters are coming in with regard to an article which appeared in our last number and entitled "The Little Touches," as to induce us to hold them over for a month until all shall have been received, and until they can all be answered at one time, thus giving us, perhaps, a basis for a second article.

I.

We print the following bit of polished sarcasm by way of letting our correspondents have a fair start. It is rather clever and it has amused us greatly.

DEAR BOOKMAN:—By the answer to a correspondent in your February issue, wherein you stipulated that a charge of $5 a stanza would be made for inserting his inclosed poem, what has heretofore been a mystery to me is solved—i. e., your motive in printing some of the verse that appears in your pages.
Faithfully yours, A READER.

II.

An interesting inquiry from New Haven:

DEAR BOOKMAN:—Speaking of Richard Flecknoe's "Fable" and Rudyard Kipling's "Explanation," has any one noticed the similarity between the idea on which *Peter Ibbetsen* is based and Kipling's "A Brushwood Boy," in his latest volume of short stories?
A reply, be it ever so crushing, would bring joy to the heart of A DEVOTED READER.

Why should our Devoted Reader anticipate a crushing reply? The coincidence is, indeed, too striking not to have been noticed by many persons, and we have frequently heard it made the subject of conversation, though, so far as we are aware, it has not yet received any printed comment.

III.

A Jersey City subscriber calls our attention to the fact that on page 409 of our January number, there appears a sentence in which an interposed singular has attracted a verb, properly plural, into the same number. No doubt the paragraph in question was dictated, and not written by hand, and, therefore, the ear is responsible for a blunder which, had it occurred in Greek, would have been enshrined as a Grammatical Exception.

IV.

A gentleman in Plattsburgh, New York, referring to our explanation as to why we gave Mr. Dunbar's novel a long review, wants to know whether some of the special interest shown in Mr. Dunbar's work is not due to the fact of his race. Yes, of course; and very naturally so.

V.

The following letter requires no answer but deserves notice:

Editors of THE BOOKMAN:
In your magazine for January, apropos of a recent publication—*Passages from the Correspondence and Other Papers of Rufus W. Griswold*—you say:
"Oblivion has its blessings even for a literature, etc., etc. * * * To be caught fifty years after, saying things like this, and saying them seriously—

'Many mellow Cydonian suckets,
Sweet apples, anthosmial divine,
From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;
Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
On the wild emerald cucumber tree,
Rich, brilliant, like chryoprase glowing,
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee'—

is worse than having one's grave robbed."
The seriousness of the author in question you may judge when I remind you that the verses were intended as a satire, a parody on Poe's poem, "Annabel Lee." Yet perhaps you are not far wrong in measuring the "poems" of the present day by the parodies of a past generation. Yours very truly, X. Y. Z.

VI.

A lady residing in Cleveland, Ohio, who is the fifth person this month to use the signature "A Constant Reader," addresses us as follows:

To the LETTER-BOX:—Would it not be cheaper and easier in the long run to return manuscripts than to expend so much of your valuable gray matter making jokes on the subject? A CONSTANT READER.

Yes; but we *are* returning manuscripts now. It will be observed that we no longer publish the little paragraph on the first page of THE BOOKMAN, to the effect that rejected manuscripts are not returned even when accompanied by the necessary postage stamps. No one appears to have noticed this,—a fact which strikes us as rather odd in view of the

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row which that little notice once created in the literary world. If any one asks us why we abolished our Draconian law, we can only say that we did it because of our irrepressible good nature, and because persons had ceased to write us amusing letters about the thing, and also because we are now more affluent than we were, and have no need of the immense revenue formerly derived from the confiscated stamps.

VII.

A lady in Indianapolis, who writes a very charming letter, asks us in concluding it to give her a summarised notion of Nietzsche's philosophy. In reply we would refer her to an article on the subject, entitled "A Mad Philosopher," which appeared in THE BOOKMAN for September, 1898.

VIII.

A letter from Greenport, New York, asks us three questions which have no possible relation to literature, but which we shall answer just the same.

(1) What do you think of General Stewart L. Woodford's diplomacy?

We think that, on the whole, it is of the Flatbush Avenue variety.

(2) Will you kindly tell me what the mistake was that was made in the English court which tried Mrs. Maybrick, and which led to the agitation in this country on her behalf?

The only mistake that we have observed in connection with Mrs. Maybrick's case was the very obvious mistake made in not hanging her as promptly as possible after the trial.

(3) What do you think of the propriety of electrocuting a woman who happens to commit a murder?

"Happens" is good; and we love that word "electrocuting." It is so beautifully barbaric. As to the general question, we have only this to say: that if a woman is not too good to commit a murder, we do not think that she is a bit too good to be "electrocuted."

IX.

From Port Deposit, Maryland, comes the following question:

Is the expression "He is not *near* so strong" preferable to "He is not *nearly* so strong," when one wishes to express a broad difference in strength?

The former expression is a bit more forcible and is idiomatically justifiable.

X.

A correspondent who writes from some other place in Maryland, which we think is Cecilton, though we cannot quite make it out, and who signs his name with the improbable signature of "Alexander Sawbones," takes exception to what we said not long ago about the desirability of discouraging all sorts of people from rushing into literature; and he quotes against us something from our own columns which, as he thinks, convicts us of insincerity. But we were not inconsistent. We don't believe in slating new authors just because they are new, nor in speaking contemptuously of old authors just because they are old. But we do believe in smashing incompetent, inane, insufferably pretentious authors, whether they be new or old, and whether they write prose or verse. It is, of course, barely possible that one might occasionally in this way discourage a budding genius and drive him back to obscurity. But we think not. One who has in him the elements of success will ultimately force his way to recognition in spite of any adverse criticism; and even were this not so, it is better that the world should sometimes lose a genius if it can only at the same time lose a score or two of the ephemeridæ who rise in swarms out of the swamps of literature, and by their buzzing, distract men's minds from the contemplation of what is really fine and lasting. To our minds, a book is a book and is to be judged upon its merits only, without any reference whatever to the author's age or personality or pretentions; and only in so judging it, can criticism be honest and self-respecting.

XI.

A postal card mailed in this city calls our attention to the fact that Senator Depew has lately split an infinitive in *The Independent*. Another postal card mailed in Lawrence, Massachusetts, points out the fact that Governor Roosevelt has split an infinitive in *The Outlook*. We are sorry, but we really do not see what we can do about it.

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THE BOOK MART

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS

BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1898

The statistics of book-production for the past year, compiled by Miss Monachesi, of the *Publishers' Weekly* office, appear in the Annual Summary Number of the *Weekly* for January 28th. We reprint their table, showing the various classes under which the total number of new books and new additions, amounting to 4,886, were distributed.

Classes.	—1897— New Books.	—1897— New Editions	—1898— New Books.	—1898— New Editions.
Fiction	713	156	724	181
Law	474	35	417	39
Theology and religion	447	45	406	40
Education and language	395	36	364	13
Juvenile	319	50	356	17
Literary history and miscellany	261	154	313	19
Poetry	180	67	288	15
History	189	49	244	38
Political and social science	175	21	243	14
Biography, memoirs	193	12	172	23
Medical science, hygiene	129	24	143	45
Physical and mathematical science	166	22	143	31
Description, travel	149	20	134	33
Fine arts and illustrated books	108	31	144	19
Useful arts	96	14	106	6
Mental and moral philosophy	70	6	45	6
Domestic and rural	52	5	40	3
Sports and amusements	38	5	32	10
Humour and satire	17	5	18	2
Total	4,171	757	4,332	554
		4,171		4,432
		4,928		4,886

For the sake of comparison we also print the totals of production for the past ten years, extracted from previous numbers of the *Weekly*. It will be seen that from 1889 to 1896, with the exception of 1894, when the book-trade was most affected by the hard times of 1893, there was a uniform slight increase in the number of books published. But the totals for 1897 and 1898 show a diminution, and this notwithstanding the fact that the bibliographical system of the *Weekly* office is constantly improving and their figures becoming each year more accurate. The editor, in his article, also tells us that a larger percentage than usual of the books were published by their authors, or by smaller publishing houses, and he states that they have put on record more than two hundred and fifty names of new publishers during the year. The great publishing houses almost all published a considerably less number of books last year than in 1897.

Year	New Books	New Editions	Totals
1889	....	....	4,014
1890	4,173	446	4,559
1891	....	....	4,656
1892	4,084	788	4,862
1893	4,281	853	5,134
1894	3,837	647	4,484
1895	5,101	368	5,469
1896	5,189	514	5,703
1897	4,171	757	4,928
1898	4,332	554	4,886

The number of books published during the year in England was also less than the number published during 1897. We reprint the classified table from the London *Publishers' Circular*. This list does not include books by American authors which were not reprinted or imported into England in quantity by English publishers.

Divisions.	—1897— New Books.	—1897— New Editions.	—1898— New Books.	—1898— New Editions.
Theology, sermons, biblical, &c.	594	109	535	153
Educational, classical, and philological	692	236	732	189
Novels, tales, and juvenile works	1,960	717	1,758	644
Law, jurisprudence, &c.	93	47	117	46
Political and social economy, trade, &c.	531	110	437	97
Arts, sciences, and illustrated works	228	30	263	32
Voyages, travels, geographical research	173	48	133	39
History, biograph, &c.	604	141	618	125
Poetry and the drama	298	129	290	81
Year books and serials in volumes	422	..	347	..
Medicine, surgery, &c.	152	59	160	36
Belles lettres, essays, monographs, &c.	227	48	182	36
Miscellaneous, including pamphlets, not sermons	210	8	436	30
	6,244	1,682	6,008	1,508
		6,244		6,008
		7,926		7,516

On the other hand, book production in France during 1898, according to the *Bibliographie de la France*, exceeded that during 1897. This magazine states that the total number of books published during the year was 14,781, being an increase of 982 works compared with the total of 13,799 in 1897.

EASTERN LETTER

NEW YORK, February 1st, 1899.

After the large volume of business done during December, the January sales seem very light, and this has been particularly noticeable in view of the month's publications, which are lacking both in numbers and popularity. Only a few call for mention: *The Open Question*, by C. E. Raimond, and *The Story of Old Fort Loudon*, by Charles Egbert Craddock, were the most prominent in fiction; other subjects included *The Story of France*, Volume I., by Thomas E. Watson; *America in Hawaii*, by E. J. Carpenter; *Puerto Rico and Its Resources*, by Frederick A. Ober, and *Suggestive Illustrations on the Gospel of St.*

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John, by F. L. Peloubet. Trade continued active in the already well-known books, and of the popular novels may be noted the increasing demand for *David Harum* and *Aylwin*. The sale of *The Battle of the Strong, Red Rock, Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, The Day's Work, Mr. Dooley, Miss America* and *The Gentle Art of Pleasing*, continues to be steady; also the numerous works relating to the recent war and its results. Of these *The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaign*, by Richard Harding Davis; *The Philippine Islands*, by Dean C. Worcester, and *Our Navy in the War with Spain*, by John R. Spears, are still meeting with a ready sale.

It is impossible to omit the mention of such books as *The Little Minister, The Christian, Cyrano de Bergerac, A Lady of Quality*, and *The Adventures of the Lady Ursula*, and to this class is shortly to be added *Trelawny of the Wells*.

In the field of miscellaneous literature very few works are meeting with an especial demand. *The Workers*, by Walter A. Wyckoff; *With Kitchener to Khartum*, by G. W. Steevens, and a *Life of William Shakespeare*, by Sidney Lee, being the most noticeable.

The annual demand for European guide books, mostly *Baedeker's*, has set in and promises to be fully up to the average.

Already the books on out-of-door subjects, such as birds, flowers and insects, are increasing in sale, and this portion of seasonable business may be expected to increase during the coming months.

Perhaps the most interesting feature has been the announcements of February publications. These bid fair to be very numerous and to contain many titles of likely prominence, some of which will be *I, Thou and the Other One*, by Amelia E. Barr; *The Maine*, by Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, and *A Daughter of the Vine*, by Gertrude Atherton.

While judging from reports that general business has not for the month been unusual, a number of special departments have no doubt brought up the average. The demand for text-books in all classes has, and still continues to be, exceptionally good for this season; the January trade in library supplies has also been heavy.

The outlook for an exceptionally good spring business is encouraging and should be realised with a continuance of the favourable commercial situation

The following list of the best-selling books is composed entirely of those mentioned in previous reports:

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and War. $1.25.

The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. $1.00 and $2.50.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.50.

Aylwin. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. $1.50.

Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. $1.25.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Wier Mitchell. $2.00.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER

CHICAGO, February 1st, 1899.

The new year opened rather quietly in comparison with the busy days of December and the demand during the first week of January was not exactly encouraging. The temporary lull, however, was more apparent than real, and did not last long, trade during the remainder of the month attaining respectable dimensions. The outlook is bright for future business, much more so than at this time last year, and there is every reason to expect a fairly good spring business.

Several good books are scheduled for early publication, including some that were unavoidably held over from last year, and the list of spring books appears likely to be more extensive than usual.

David Harum, the posthumous work of E. Noyes Westcott, is on everybody's tongue here at present. It is selling extremely well, and appears likely to have a good run during the coming spring. *Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War*, is also the subject of frequent call. As these two books lead the demand at present, the somewhat unusual condition of humour displacing pure fiction in popularity is presented.

The Open Question was one of the few books published last month for which a sale more than ordinary may be expected. At present the work is going fairly well, although problem novels are not so popular as they were a few years ago. The book, however, has other merits, and is not unlikely to attain here a large measure of the favour accorded it in England.

Aylwin, by Theodore Watts-Dunton, sold very well last month, and the demand for it is increasing daily.

Works on the Philippines are still constantly asked for, those most in request being *Yesterdays in the Philippines*, by Stevens, and *The Philippine Islands*, by Dean Worcester.

A favourable augury for forthcoming trade is to be found in the strong interest manifested on the part of customers in books soon to be published.

Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis* followed its remarkable success during the holidays with an extremely good sale last month. Lodge's *Story of the Revolution* went very well also, and quite a good demand set in for *The American Revolution*, by Trevelyan.

The Gadfly again occupies quite a prominent place in the best-selling books of the month. For a novel that has been so long on the market, its present sale is remarkable.

Cyrano de Bergerac continues to sell largely,

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although the demand was not so pronounced last month as formerly. *The Day's Work* and *The Battle of the Strong*, compare well with their previous record, and *Red Rock* sold relatively as well as anything.

Prisoners of Hope, by Mary Johnston, is to be added to the list of books which gradually attain large sales from small beginnings. The work is gaining in popularity every day, and a large sale may be expected for it.

The general demand for miscellaneous literature was brisk last month. Public libraries used a large proportion of this, and country orders also were numerous and varied in their character.

The following list of the best-selling books of last month contains practically the same titles as appeared in our last report. It may be interesting, however, to note the difference in the order of demand, which has changed considerably:

David Harum. By E. Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

Cyrano de Bergerac. By Edmond Rostand. 50c. and $1.00.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

Red Rock. By Thos. Nelson Page. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.

The Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50.

Cuba and Porto Rico. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

Aylwin. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. $1.25.

The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By Guielma Zollinger. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER

LONDON, Dec. 19, 1898, to Jan. 21, 1899.

The Christmas week, with which this period commenced, was, as may be supposed, a very busy one indeed. Throughout each day and far into the night all departments were working at full pressure, and though at times the issue might have been doubtful, the whole of the orders were eventually executed in time to be used for Christmas presents. This applies to the home trade, the foreign business keeping steady and satisfactory.

The leading book of the season was Steevens's *With Kitchener to Khartum*, and several works of the same class found favour with book-buyers.

Among 6s. novels, of which tons were sold, those most inquired for were *Aylwin*, *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, and *Roden's Corner*.

Forgotten Children's Books had a wonderful sale, and the favourite books for boys and girls were notably Blackie's stories, at 6s., 5s. and 3s. 6d. No other series approached these for popularity.

All Rudyard Kipling's works, noticeably *The Day's Work*, were bought in large numbers.

The School Book season has just begun, and the popular educational works provided for the young are now more beautifully got up than ever. Every subject seems to be made more attractive, if possible.

The agitation against Ritualism and Roman practices has led to some demand for Reformation literature, and a new edition of D'Aubigné's *Reformation* is announced.

Technical Education Manuals are receiving increased attention, and treatises on many subjects are now published in England, subjects upon which American treatises only were obtainable for many years. Photography now possesses an imposing literature of its own, which enjoys a steady sale.

A few Lenten Manuals are being asked for, but their season has hardly yet commenced.

The magazine branch of literature is now an increasingly important one. The total quantity sold is very great. *The Strand*, *Pearson's*, *The Royal*, *Harmsworth*, and *The Wide World* are the principal ones, while *Harper*, *Pall Mall* and *Chambers'* are in great request. The *Woman at Home*, with many rivals, leads easily in its class.

The subjoined list is a long one, but any attempt at curtailment would necessitate leaving out many that deserve a place, so it is given in its entirety:

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Day's Work. By Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Afterwards, and other works by the same author. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder.)

The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s. (Macqueen.)

An Open Question. By C. E. Raimond. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Castle Inn. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Wild Eelin. By W. Black. 6s. (Low.)

Windyhaugh. By G. Travers. 6s. (Blackwood.)

John Splendid. By N. Munro. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Gloria Mundi. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mistress Nancy Molesworth. By J. Hocking. 6s. (Bowden.)

Hope the Hermit. By E. Lyall. 6s. (Longmans.)

Fatal Gift. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

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The Battle of the Strong. By G. Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Changeling. By W. Besant. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

New books in order of demand, as sold between January 1, 1899, and February 1, 1899. We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named:

NEW YORK (UPTOWN)

1. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
2. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Castle Inn. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.

NEW YORK (DOWNTOWN)

1. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
6. Adventures of François. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
3. Forest of Arden. Mabie. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Chester Tales. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.
2. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
4. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure.) $1.50.
5. Tattle-Tales of Cupid. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Roden's Corner. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. House of Hidden Treasure. Gray. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Adventures of François. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Adventures of François. Mitchell. (Century.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Gadfly. Voynich. (Holt & Co.) $1.25.
5. Sister to Evangeline. Roberts. (Lamson, Wolffe.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Day's Work. Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday and McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
5. The Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Law of Psychic Phenomena. Thomson J. Hudson. (A. C. McClurg & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. Benner's Prophecies of the Ups and Downs of Prices. Samuel Benner. (The Robert Clarke Company.) $1.00.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. (Edwin Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Cyrano de Bergerac. E. Rostand. Trans. by E. Gertrude Hall. (Doubleday & McClure.) 50c. and $1.00.
5. Anglo-Saxon Superiority: To What it is Due. Edmound Demolins. (Fenno.) $1.00.
6. Mr. Dooley. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. Tekla. Robert Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
3. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Roden's Corner. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Castle Inn. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. David Harum. E. N. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Gösta Berling. Translated by Pauline Bancroft Flach. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Roden's Corner. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.75.

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5. Castle Inn. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
6. The Workers: The West. Wyckoff. Scribners.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.00.
4. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Cuban and Porto Rican Campaign. Davis. (Scribners.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
5. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Cuban and Porto Rican Campaign. Davis. (Scribners.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
2. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
3. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Peeps at People. Bangs. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Yankee from the West. Read. (Rand, McNally & Co.) $1.00.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Gadfly. Voynich. (Holt.) $1.25.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. With Edged Tools. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA

1. With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
2. John Splendid. Munro. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
3. Friendship. Hugh Black. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
5. Neil McLeod. David Lyall. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
6. Day's Work. Kipling. G. N. Morang. $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Tattle-Tales of Cupid. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
3. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday and McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Adventures of François. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
6. Red Axe. Crockett. (Harper.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
5. Little Minister. Barrie. (Russell.) $2.50.
6. Forty-one Years in India. Roberts. (Longmans.) $2.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Old Chester Tales. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Castle Inn. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
2. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.
3. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
5. Roden's Corner. Merriman. (Harpers.) $1.75.
6. Great Salt Lake Trail. Inman. (Macmillan.) $3.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Mr. Dooley. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Afterwards. Ian Maclaren. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Penelope's Progress. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Adventures of François. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Penelope's Progress. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
2. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Noyes. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
5. Adventures of François. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Dream Days. Grahame. (Lane.) $1.25.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

1. The Great Salt Lake Trail. Col. Inman. (Macmillan Co.) $3.50.
2. Day's Work. Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Adventures of François. S. Weir Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Cyrano de Bergerac. E. Rostand. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Hawaii Nei. Mabel Craft. (Doxey.) $1.50.
2. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Adventures of François. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Tekla. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. Gloria Mundi. Frederic. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Dream Days. Grahame. (John Lane.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. Various editions.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Rupert of Hentzau. Hope. (Henry Holt & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Uncalled. Dunbar. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. Penelope's Progress. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. A Great Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75c. and $1.00.
2. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (G. N. Morang.) 75c. and $1.00.
3. A Fleet in Being. Kipling. (Macmillan.) 35c. and 50c.
4. Afterwards. Ian Maclaren. (F. H. Revell Co.) $1.00.
5. Black Rock. Ralph Connor. (Westminster Pub. Co.) $1.00.
6. The Day's Work. Kipling. (G. N. Morang.) 75c. and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZONA

1. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
2. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Castle Inn. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
4. Adventures of François. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.
6. Adobeland Stories. Verner Z. Reed. (R. G. Badger.) $1.00.

WACO, TEXAS

1. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
2. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
3. The Workers: The West. Wyckoff. (Scribners.) $1.50.
4. Her Memory. Maarten Maartens. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Tattle-Tales of Cupid. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Forest Lovers. Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Workers: The West. Wyckoff. (Scribners.) $1.50.
2. Associate Hermits. Stockton. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Her Memory. Maarten Maartens. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The City Wilderness. E. Woods. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
2. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

PRESS OF REDFIELD BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

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THE UNINTERPRETED DREAM.

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(See "The Art of the Month," page 137.)

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